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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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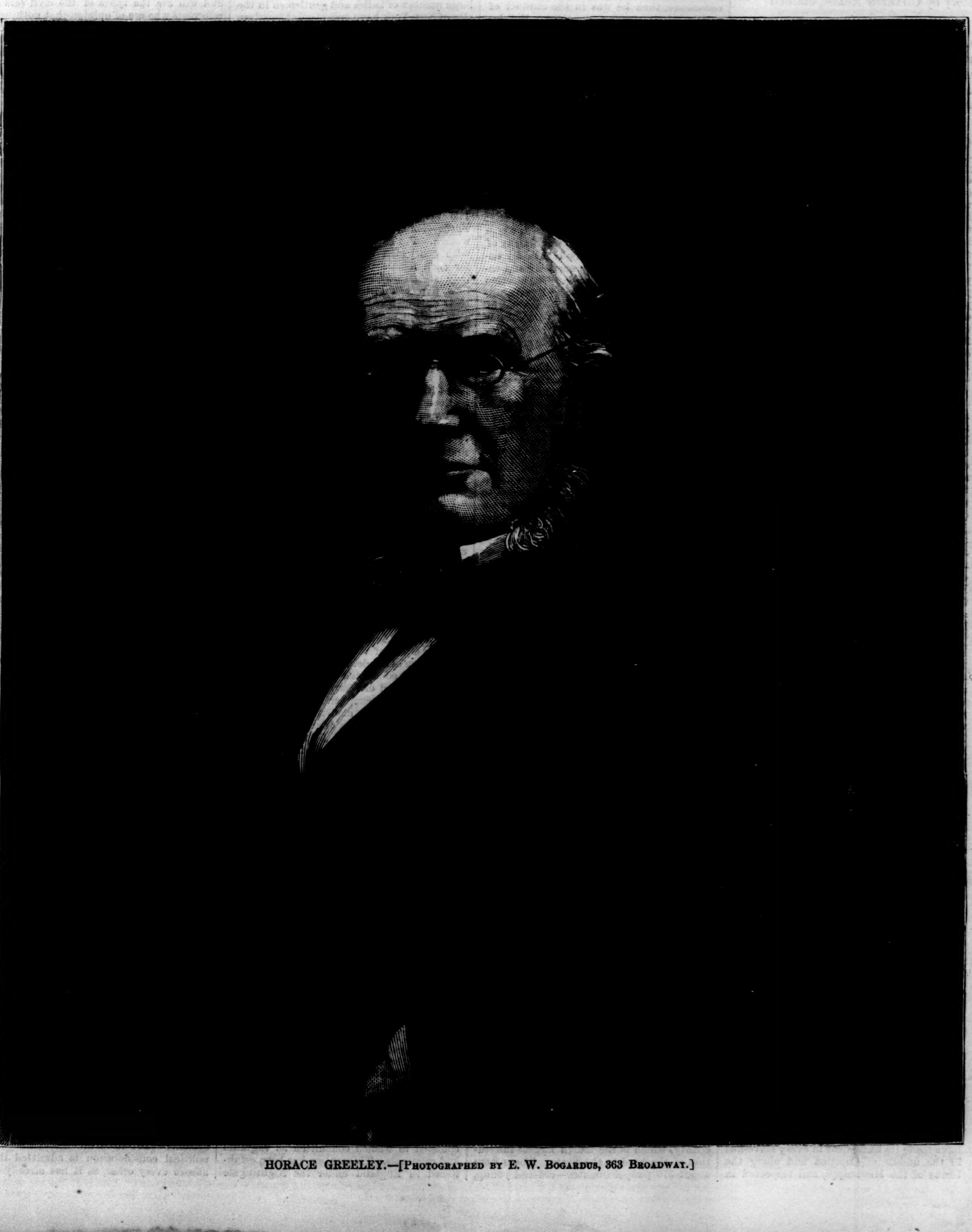


HORACE GREELEY.—[Photographed by E. W. Bogardus, 363 Broadway.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 21, 1872.

CIRCULATION 170,000.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly is sent out gratuitously a splendid Eight-page Supplement, containing the continuation of "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Little Kate Kirby," and "Strangers and Pilgrims."

☞ In a few days Harper's Weekly will begin the publication of a new story by Charles Reade, entitled

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

which the proprietors have secured by direct treaty with the author. The story will be profusely illustrated, in the highest style of art.

HORACE GREELEY.

SINCE the assassination of Mr. Lincoln the death of no American has been so generally and so sincerely deplored as that of Horace Greeley; and its tragical circumstances have given a peculiarly affectionate pathos to all that has been said of him. The tone of the public comment reflects the enthusiasm of his own nature, and is characteristic of the kind as well as extent of the impression he had produced upon the country. His was not, however, a simple character. The general and distant impression was often modified upon nearer approach; but the accepted estimate is undoubtedly that which will pass into the history of these times. The most striking fact in regard to Mr. Greeley is that he was considered peculiarly representative of the American genius and spirit, so that he was often regarded as the typical American. He was born poor. He rose by his own talents and labor. He was conscientious, and a natural democrat. He founded a great newspaper, and befriended the poor, the laborer, and the oppressed. He distrusted all but what is called practical education. He contemned the social conventions. He was an ardent and sincere politician. Is not all this American? we are asked. And was there any such conspicuous representative of all this as Horace Greeley?

The feminine quality in his nature was also always evident. Even in his personal appearance it was very striking, and it was revealed in a tenderness of feeling and soft credulity which explain much of his career. His impulses were humane, and his sympathies were soon enlisted against injustice and in favor of all generous movements. But his sympathies had also curious and unexpected limitations, and seemed often chilled by unworthy personal considerations. He was a natural partisan and politician, and although his political convictions were very sincere and profound, his political action was not always certain, because his judgment was unsound. Consequently his popularity deceived both himself and his friends. There was very general confidence in his honest purpose, and general admiration for his ready ability. These and his quaint personality made him very popular, and no man was received, whenever he appeared in public, with more good-humored applause. The fatal mistake was the misconception of the character of the regard which was felt for him.

The great work of his life was founding and conducting the New York *Tribune*. He had, indeed, from the first very able assistance, but his personality overshadowed the paper. The interest was always to know "what Greeley says," and not the opinion of the *Tribune*. Greeley was the *Tribune*. So it became the great national organ of the antislavery sentiment. It was never technically Abolitionist, and came sometimes under the fiery reproof of the Abolition leaders. But it never fell back from the front of the general voting multitude upon which it depended, and whose views it expressed. Year after year it daily raised its voice for the oppressed, and demanded equal rights in the Territories in words that denounced slavery in the States. It showed with trenchant force the economical blunder as well as the moral wrong of the national sin; and there was no single force in educating the nation for the terrible struggle with slavery so powerful as the *Tribune*. To have founded this paper and to have given it this direction, to have made its name dear in every slave-hut in the middle of Carolina and along the banks of the Mississippi, and respected in the freest and most enlightened homes in the country as the worthy organ of American civilization, is the true glory of Horace Greeley.

His conception of his profession was most generous. He did not think it the part of an editor merely to serve up the news pleasantly, but to mould and direct public opinion, and to produce concrete and visible results. He was not afraid of a minority, and utterly despised that last degradation of journalism, pandering to the supposed public opinion of the moment, which to-day cries, "Crucify Barabbas," and to-morrow, "Crucify Christ." His political convictions were strong, and he was a vehement partisan. He was a "Henry Clay Whig," and opposed and heartily disbelieved the whole Democratic theory of government in general, and of our national Constitution. He was naturally a Republican, and was more efficient as a partisan after that party was organized, because he was stronger in the appeal to the conscience, than he was in the conduct of merely administrative questions. But beyond the conflicts of parties and the questions of the hour he had a yearning faith in the final brotherhood of men; an invincible hope in the beneficent future, which often caused an erratic conduct, and disordered his practical judgment, to the detriment of the very cause to which he was devoted. This in turn exasperated and dismayed his associates, who were not always willing to explain his conduct by motives which a clear knowledge of his character would have revealed.

The last year of Mr. Greeley's life was so mournful that it is not easy to speak of it truly. Under the mask of his name the country was menaced with a serious peril; and the great multitude of those with whom he had been accustomed to act, and many of whom he had educated, saw him busily engaged, as they believed, in opposing and endangering the work of his life. The election was a question of tendencies, of probabilities, of experience, of common-sense, not of persons; and he represented the tendency which the country could not have safely adopted. Doubtless, with the soft credulity of enthusiasm, which made him so often the victim of sharpers of every kind, and never so much as in this tragical year, he was confident of success, and believed that he could do much to promote the common welfare. He mistook also, probably, the character of his hold upon the country. It was not strong, as we said, because of trust in his sagacity, but because of faith in his honesty.

The result—the overwhelming disillusion—falling upon this emotional nature, which had been wrung by the sharpest domestic sorrow, during which, doubtless, all the romance of young love returned to the tender heart, was fatal. It was not only that he was defeated; but at the same moment that he perceived how small was his real support among his old friends he must have doubted whether he had not been both misled and self-deceived, and perhaps he suddenly and morbidly saw himself as so many of his friends had lately seen him.

The catastrophe immediately followed: and there is no sadder story in American history. He died—and instantly the Horace Greeley of the old *Tribune* was alone visible. The whole country was moved. The press and the pulpit overflowed with eloquent eulogy. Congress entered its regrets upon its journals. The Legislatures of the States and innumerable public bodies passed resolutions of sorrow. The body lay in state in the City Hall, watched by the most eminent citizens, and visited by a vast and mournful throng. The President and part of his cabinet, Senators, and civic officers of every degree attended the funeral, and the pall was borne by the most illustrious citizens through the mourning city. And even while the burial rites proceeded the final act of the series of events which had broken his heart was accomplished in the casting of the electoral votes for President. No art, no eloquence, could enforce the lesson.

PRIVATE AID TO PUBLIC CHARITIES.

We have more than once called attention in the spring and summer to the "flower charity," a movement for cheering the public hospitals with flowers and fruit. It was begun by some ladies who wished to do what they might to befriend the poor and the suffering, and to bring a feeling of human sympathy into the most forlorn and friendless hearts. But this is but part of a recent movement so truly wise and humane that we ask for it the thoughtful attention of our readers.

In the summer of 1871 some ladies in Westchester County formed themselves into a visiting committee of the poor-house in that county, which is the fourth largest institution of the kind in the State. There were about 370 pauper inmates—old and young, sick, insane, blind, deaf and dumb, and idiots. The superintendents of the poor were glad to see the interest shown by the ladies, and they, in turn, came in no captious or carping spirit, but honestly anxious to be of some real service. Their object, indeed, was twofold: to cheer the inmates with small gifts and thoughtful care, and so to arouse them to human sympathy and self-respect; and also to observe what changes of method and management were essential to the constant improvement of the institution. Indeed, the Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities have often requested those who live in the neighborhood of public pauper institutions to interest themselves in them, and Governor Hoffman has called attention to the necessity of the proper education and training of the children growing up in the poor-houses.

The necessity and the benefit of this system of visitation were so apparent that, inspired by the beginning in Westchester, a large number of ladies and gentlemen in the city of New York have organized themselves into an association to establish local visiting committees of the public institutions of charity in the city and State of New York. Their object is to promote an active public interest in the welfare of the public paupers, that the terrible question which now so sorely tasks the wisdom of England and other foreign countries may not perplex us; and for this purpose to make such reforms as advancing science and experience may suggest. The practical work has been begun in the city, and is now actively proceeding.

Thus there is a visiting committee for Bellevue Hospital, and a glimpse of its work will illustrate the scope of the enterprise. The hospital is divided into thirty-two wards—sixteen for men and sixteen for women. For each male ward a lady visitor with gentleman assistant was appointed; for each female ward a lady visitor with lady assistant. The whole were divided into five committees, reporting through their chairmen to an executive committee. The visitors were instructed that all rules and regulations of the hospital were to be respected; no spirituous liquors, provisions, or medicines were to be given except by permission of the warden or physician. The ladies were specially instructed not to interfere with the discipline, and to make no direct complaint of abuses except through the chairmen of their committees, who should bring the matter before the board, or directly to the president. Their attention was first directed to the want of proper laundry work. This defect, when brought to the notice of the Commissioners, was promptly and fully remedied. The next reform was in the kitchen department; and here the warden assisted the ladies by introducing into each ward a set of large tin dishes and pails with tightly fitting covers, in which the food is carried while still hot into each ward from the distant kitchen where it has been prepared. The food was formerly brought in open pails. An extra-diet kitchen has also been introduced, where special food is prepared.

From such details the character of the work may be inferred. The scheme is, in fact, a system of voluntary and intelligent supervision of the details of the great pauper institutions conducted by the authority of the State Board of Charities, and its importance can not be exaggerated. Notoriously nothing so accuses modern civilization as its care or carelessness of pauperism. The ghastly pictures which Dickens drew in *Oliver Twist* and in other stories showed England how inhuman and perilous its system was. But the moment intelligent and conscientious attention is drawn to the subject the official managers are naturally alarmed. Such attention not only discovers but exposes abuses of every kind, and exposure is not pleasant to those upon whom it implies censure. There are very honest, faithful, and sturdy persons enlisted in this enterprise; and as they mean no merely pretty and dilettante charity, there may be friction and even collision with the official superintendence. It is to be hoped, however, that this can be avoided, since the movement, as we said, has the most cordial support of the State Board of Charities, which is both an intelligent and an efficient body.

Meanwhile the local visiting committee in Westchester County observed certain facts upon which it could not fail to comment. Its visits were then plainly less welcome, and it laid its observations in the form of a respectful petition from citizens of the county before the Board of Supervisors, asking for specific changes. The first great result of the movement, which is one of the highest public interest and value, will probably be a system of trained nurses in the pauper hospitals. At present the nursing is often most inadequate and inefficient, and is often confided to women committed as vagrants and criminals. This system has been established in England under the Nightingale Fund, and is described in the *Life of Miss Agnes Jones*, lately republished by Hurd & Houghton, and it is a subject to which we shall recur. The State Charities Aid Association is organized with Professor T. W. Dwight as president; Miss L. L. Schuyler, vice-president; Miss R. B. Long, secretary; and Mr. John Crosby Brown, treasurer. It has various committees and advisory members, composed not only of well-known names but of workers; and every reader of this paper who wishes to do something to help so good a work will do a great deal if he will address his *Weekly* or his *Magazine* when he has no further use for it to Mrs. Kuhn, 267 Fifth Avenue, who is the chairman of the committee on medical wards for men.

HONEST AND CAPABLE OFFICERS.

The complacent spectators of the street fight who exhorted the small boy to go in and win are the types of the civil service reformers who are of opinion that nothing is needed but the appointment of honest and capable men. "What other reform is needed?" they ask. "What more do we want than that the offices should be filled with men of intelligence, experience, and fidelity? What is the use of rules? Let good men be selected, and have done with it! Don't encumber us with machinery!" And the worthy gentlemen have an air of having said something extremely wise and practical. If they were remodeling a house, and the architect showed them plans, they would probably say, "Good Sir, don't bother with methods and estimates; we want nothing but a simple, square house; that is all; and if you confuse yourself with plans we shall suspect your interest in the work."

These gentlemen merely echo an article in the *North American Review* four years ago, which held that the reform was wholly executive, and must therefore be left entirely to the President, and that if he were sincere the reform would be effected. How? In what way? If the President can not rely upon his personal knowledge, nor upon interested personal and political recommendations, he must evidently depend upon some other kind of certificate. And that must certify the fitness of the candidate, ascertained in a more satisfactory manner than by the present system of recommendation. Then there must be some method. And method in this matter implies rules. But the rules can be effectively enforced only by paid agents. And Congress only can appropriate money.

In his late work upon *The Issues of American Politics*, Mr. Orrin Skinner asserts that the present plan of the President is fatally defective, because it merely confirms his control of the patronage, and is worked by officers who are already in the service. Reform with such means, he says, is hopeless. But that depends mainly upon the good faith of the President. And as he has said many times, and as the report of the Commission distinctly states, and as we have constantly insisted in these columns, the reform, under the Constitution and laws, can rest nowhere else. But it does not follow that the pure purpose of the President can alone effect a reform. He must depend upon agencies, and they must either be composed of those already in the service or of others. Nothing is truer than that we want nothing more than the appointment of good and fit men, and removal for legitimate cause. That is the sum of the reform. Will the gentlemen of the opposition now tell us in what way they propose the appointing power should ascertain who are the good and fit men?

We observe that the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* alludes to a paragraph in a Washington newspaper as expressing the President's views upon this subject. Why it should prefer to take the assertions of a newspaper instead of the President's official declarations, the *Inter-Ocean* does not say. In each of his four annual messages the President has expressed his interest in the subject; and in his special message approving the rules, and in the executive order enforcing them, he has announced the general method by which he should proceed. We presume that the *Inter-Ocean* does not consider the statement of a newspaper as more authoritative than the President's own declarations. Moreover, when it asserts that party and political considerations ought to be vital in appointments, it probably forgets that the Republican platform demands the abolition of patronage. And a very little reflection would show it that to say that the Republican party undoubtedly furnishes enough honest and capable men for all the offices is merely to repeat the theory of the present system, which professes to appoint honest and fit men of the dominant party. Does the *Inter-Ocean* approve the working of the system? Yet it is inevitable that if the political consideration is admitted it will absorb every other, as it has already done.

The *Inter-Ocean* merely repeats the theory of the spoils system, which it is the object of the reform to abolish.

A MODEL MESSAGE.

The President's message was a characteristically simple and plain document, stating temperately and with admirable conciseness the situation of the country. No American can read it without satisfaction and pride, and it would certainly have been a remarkable evidence of political folly if the people had rejected an Administration under which the country has so tranquilly flourished. Not the least of the reasons of this general prosperity is the character of the President. His presence in the White House is confidence in the country, and confidence is the spring of national industry and enterprise. The tone and character of the message are such that the most positive party hostility has no just reason for fury; and one of the amusing spectacles of the few days after its delivery was the sneer of the *World* at the document and its author.

If the American reader wishes to compare a President's message of which he ought to be proud with one over which he ought to hang his head with shame, let him compare this of President GRANT with any of the Democratic messages for many a year. One point alone shows how vast and vital is the progress of this country since the dark ages of Democratic domination, and that is the manner in which the President speaks of slavery. "A terrible wrong," he says, "is the natural cause of a terrible evil," and he proceeds to state the political wisdom as well as humanity of emancipation in Cuba. One of the last Democratic hopes, while that party was in power, was that the United States would steal Cuba in order to perpetuate slavery in this country.

The suggestions made by the Secretary of War in regard to government aid to various enterprises are recommended by the President to careful consideration; but he does not recommend the granting of money beyond what is necessary for obtaining adequate knowledge upon which to legislate. He does, however, state distinctly that if the expenditure of five millions of dollars annually for five years would restore to us our share of the carrying trade of the world, the money would be well spent; and he recommends liberal contracts for carrying the mails with three lines of ocean steamers, to which we now pay $725,000. Those who find in these suggestions the hints and foreshadowings of a monstrous system of governmental subsidies show only the magnificence of their own imaginations.

We quote the paragraph in which the President speaks of the civil service, which, we are sure, will not disappoint those who sustained him in the fullest confidence of his honest purpose, so often declared and so constantly proved. And with this paragraph ends a message which is one of the most admirable and satisfactory ever sent to Congress.

> "An earnest desire has been felt to correct abuses which have grown up in the civil service of the country through the defective method of making appointments to office. Heretofore Federal offices have been regarded too much as the reward of political service. Under authority of Congress rules have been established to regulate the tenure of office and the mode of appointments. It can not be expected that any system of rules can be entirely effective and prove a perfect remedy for the existing evils until they have been thoroughly tested by practice and amended according to the requirements of the service. During my term of office it shall be my best endeavor to so apply the rules as to secure the greatest possible reform in the civil service of the government, and it will require the direct action of Congress to render the enforcement of the system binding upon my successors; and I hope that the experience of the past year, together with appropriate legislation by Congress, may reach a satisfactory solution of this question, and secure to the public service for all time a practical method of obtaining faithful and efficient officers and employés."

THE OPPOSITION ELECTORAL VOTE.

That there was any question whatever as to the person for whom the Democratic electoral votes should be cast is a very suggestive fact. For why should there have been any doubt? If Mr. GREELEY had been elected and had then died, the Vice-President would have instantly succeeded. Indeed, what is the Vice-President but the officer designated by the Constitution for the succession? He must therefore be regarded as the person indicated by the voters as their second choice for the Presidency. This is not, indeed, the practice. The Vice-Presidency is a position so unimportant, except in case of the death of the President, that a convention does not nominate to it the chief contestant of the successful candidate for the higher office, but often assigns it for geographical and minor reasons. If Mr. TRUMBULL, of Illinois, had been nominated at Cincinnati, Mr. GRATZ BROWN, of Missouri, would certainly not have been the candidate for the Vice-Presidency; and if Mr. ADAMS had been selected to head the ticket, Mr. GREELEY would not have been taken for the second place.

Three times, however, we have seen the Vice-President made President, and the death of Mr. GREELEY suggests the peril of counting upon a single life. It is necessary to remember that in nominating a Vice-President we name even a probable President. And if the second office is thought not to invite the men who should be President, it must be changed in character, so that such men will gladly accept it. It is certainly curious that nobody seemed to think that the Democratic electoral votes should of course be cast for the candidate who, as we said, would certainly have been Mr. GREELEY'S successor had he died in office. The only man in the country whom the Democratic party had formally declared its willingness to see President in case of the death of Mr. GREELEY was Mr. GRATZ BROWN. Yet when Mr. GREELEY died Mr. BROWN was scarcely mentioned.

The proposition that the votes intended for Mr. GREELEY should be cast for General GRANT was a fitting conclusion of the grotesque and ghastly comedy of Cincinnati. Mr. SCHURZ, the chief leader of that movement, declared more than a year ago that to vote for General GRANT would be to condone usurpations fatal to American liberty. The great opposition argument against GRANT was that he was personally unfit to be President, and that his administration was a carnival of corruption. Yet it was seriously proposed that the votes of the opposition should be cast for what it professed to believe to be a corrupt and incompetent candidate, because they could not be given to Mr. GREELEY. One of the Cincinnati leaders told us that the election of General GRANT would probably end in civil war. Now he would vote for him. A more ridiculous parody upon political honesty and commonsense is not conceivable. The insincerity of the campaign which has so tragically ended was plain enough before. But the prostration of the whole party at the confessional was unexpected. And in the face of the history of the last summer, journals of great ability and high character, like the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, persist in ascribing to the Cincinnati campaign a purifying political influence.

BOURBON POLITICS.

During the late political campaign the Richmond *Enquirer* said frankly that there could be peace only by the overthrow of equal suffrage, and since the election the Mobile *Register*, in an article upon the "interests of the black race," says:

> "Time proves all things, and it will vindicate the first and last position of the *Register*, that the experiment of negro suffrage, without training for the exercise of that high duty of civism, was a crime against liberty, so far as liberty was incorporated with and dependent upon the purity and the intelligence of the ballot-box. As black suffrage now stands, unquestionably it makes representative government, in the sense of deriving its powers as well as marking its tone and character from the popular will, the merest farce. Such must be the judgment of mankind until the negro voters learn the wisdom, for their own and their country's good, of dividing their forces between opposing parties."

The question of equal suffrage in the Southern States was determined by the conduct of those for whom the Mobile *Register* speaks. Those who established black codes are not good authority upon crimes against liberty. If there had been the faintest prospect that the ordinary rights of humanity, not to speak of civil rights, would be respected in the States that took up arms, it is possible that the whole system of reconstruction might have been different. But the conduct of those States showed that it was not to be expected, and there was never any political act less criminal than that which made suffrage equal, and which gave to the oppressed people the only really radical security for their liberty.

We do not mean to discuss a point which is so conclusively settled. The late election should have shown the *Register* that equal suffrage is now as sure as the continuance of the Union. And when it speaks of those "who on principle must ever be unalterably opposed to mongrelism as a basis of the autonomy of a nation" it beats the air. It seems not to comprehend that such a position involves the whole debate which has been decided. The *Register* says that this hostility would, however, be ameliorated if the black vote were divided, and that such a course would secure advantages which the colored voter can not expect so long as one party is sure of his vote. Is it possible that the *Register* is as blind as it wishes the colored voter to be? It invites him to vote for a party which thinks he ought not to vote. His vote is his security for all his rights, and the *Register* advises him to intrust it to the only party that threatens it. What have those for whom the *Register* speaks ever done or said that the colored citizens should trust them? And while it is undoubtedly abstractly true that the division of the colored vote is desirable, it is ludicrous to suppose that it will be divided upon any theory in presence of the ugly truths which the *Register* and its friends constantly repeat. If a party among us should declare that it was unalterably opposed to the equal suffrage of foreign-born citizens, but that since they had votes they ought to divide them, how many of those votes might such a party reasonably expect to secure?

"MIDDLEMARCH."

The second and concluding volume of George Eliot's *Middlemarch* is just published, and it would be hard to praise it too highly. As an accomplished English scholar says, "It is a Shakespearean novel." The characters are not sketches, but rounded persons. They are "thought out" to the least detail, or rather they have the essential reality of all literary creations. The variety of character in the book, and the interest of the story which properly springs from the characters, are alike very striking. The time of the tale is within the memory of many readers, and the life of the country town which is the scene has a certain humorous quaintness from its provincial seclusion which is peculiarly delightful. The story is long, for it is a tale in two good volumes; but it is one to read word by word, and "to taste all the way down," full of insight and the shrewdest wit and perception—a work of the most masterly living genius in fiction.

PERSONAL.

General HUMPHREYS, of the United States Engineer Corps, and one of the most accomplished soldiers of our army, in a recent address expressed this opinion of General MEADE: "After a careful examination of the subject, so far as I am capable of forming an opinion, I am led to the conclusion that MEADE at Gettysburg had a more difficult task than WELLINGTON at Waterloo, and performed it equally well, although he had no BLÜCHER to turn the scale in his favor." WELLINGTON, for his services in Portugal and Spain, had been raised through every grade of the British peerage to its highest rank, and Parliament had voted him large sums of money to enable him to live in a manner corresponding to his position. For Waterloo there was no additional rank in the peerage to give him, but Parliament voted him £200,000—about $1,000,000. The whole sum thus bestowed amounted to nearly $4,000,000. What remaining honors or marks of esteem there were left in the hands of the sovereigns of Europe to distribute he was decorated with.

—The late JOHN A. GRISWOLD was one of the wealthiest men in the State outside the city of New York. His fortune is estimated at about five millions of dollars. To his wife he leaves all his household effects and all his United States bonds, State bonds, and stocks of every kind; the balance of the estate is made a "trust estate," and is bequeathed to the executrix and executors for fifteen years, to manage and to distribute, one-fourth of the income to go to the wife, the balance to the children; at the end of the fifteen years the estate is to be distributed in the above proportion.

—The new Lord Chancellor (SELBORNE), who has a large clerical patronage, has decided to have no such list of clergymen recommended for appointments to livings as has been adopted by previous Lord Chancellors of England, but on any vacancy occurring to seek out the most fitting clergyman for presentation.

—The new Mayor of New Orleans, ALFRED WILTZ, is a Creole, and only twenty-six years of age—the youngest man who has ever been chief magistrate of that city.

—Senator PATTERSON, of New Hampshire, one of the most scholarly men in New England, has been lecturing at Dartmouth College on the relation of capital to education.

—It was announced at the time of Father HYACINTHE'S marriage in England that the ceremony was performed by a civil magistrate. From a letter to his clergy by Dr. WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, in which he gives a narrative of the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, we learn that the marriage has received the blessing and sanction of the Church. The Bishop says: "It is well known that in France and Belgium the contract of the parties before a civil magistrate is obligatory in all cases, and is regarded as constituting the essence of marriage. But it ought also to be known that Père HYACINTHE, kneeling side by side with his betrothed, received a nuptial benediction from a Roman Catholic archbishop, who said that he regarded enforced clerical celibacy as the '*plaie de l'Église*'" (the plague, or curse, of the Church).

—Civil service reform has another illustration in Miss ROOT, daughter of ROLAND ROOT, of Michigan. A few months since she was appointed a clerk in the United States Treasury Department, and has now been promoted to a first-class clerkship, having passed the competitive examination, and standing number one in a class of forty examined at the same time.

—President GRANT has quite won the regard of thousands of people who didn't much like him before for the admirable taste displayed in the manner of his coming to the funeral of his late opponent, his perfectly simple, unostentatious manner before, during, and after the services, and the equally quiet manner in which he returned to Washington after the ceremonies were over. He came to pay a graceful and proper tribute of respect to one who is to live in our future history, and he did it perfectly.

—The retirement of Judge NELSON from the Supreme Court of the United States brings to notice the remarkable fact that he has been upon the bench just half a century—twenty-eight years in the Supreme Court of the United States, and twenty-two as a judge of our State courts. As to point of time and constant service it is without precedent in this country or England, and we doubt whether it has a parallel in the history of jurisprudence. Lord MANSFIELD served thirty-two years, and Lord ELDON twenty-eight years, and they were longest on the bench of Great Britain. Chief Justice MARSHALL was thirty-four years on the bench, Chief Justice TANEY thirty years, Mr. Justice STORY thirty-four years, and Chancellor KENT about twenty-five years, and of the distinguished judges of this country they longest held judicial positions. Judge NELSON has never been absent from duty at our State courts or in the United States court but one term, that of last year. He is now eighty years of age, and, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is in excellent health. He retires under the law, on full pay, and right well does he deserve it.

—One of the chief pleasures looked forward to by RALPH WALDO EMERSON in going abroad was to see CARLYLE again. The two authors greatly admire each other. EMERSON was almost the first person to see any thing in *Sartor Resartus*, and CARLYLE soon after said, in speaking of men of originality, "I hear of but one voice, and that is from Concord."

—Mr. HENRY BERGH, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, last week received from the custodian of the estate of the late LOUIS BONARD over $12,000, received from rents of the estate during the last year. The final transfer of the real estate of Mr. BONARD will take place as soon as the accounts can be audited, which will probably be within ten days. This real estate consists of two stores in Platt Street, two tenement-houses in Mulberry Street, two tenement-houses in East Twelfth Street, and one in Madison Street. The property is all in good productive order, and will yield to the society a net income of about ten thousand dollars per annum.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The last session of the Forty-second Congress of the United States was opened on Monday, 2d inst. The President's fourth annual message was presented and referred. In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to banish the names of battles in the civil war from army registers and regimental colors. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the relief of sufferers by the Boston fire. In the House, Mr. Dawes moved a resolution expressive of sympathy for the decease of Horace Greeley, in which the Senate subsequently concurred. Mr. Banks tendered his resignation as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which the House refused to accept. Speaker Blaine then vacated the chair to speak on the charges of bribery in the case of the Crédit Mobilier, and obtained the appointment of a select committee to investigate the affair. The Senate, on the 3d inst., adjourned immediately after the reading of the journal. On the following day, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling on the President for information respecting the African slave-trade. The House passed two important bills on the 5th inst.; the first was to allow a drawback on all materials imported into the port and district of Boston and Charlestown to be used in the construction of buildings erected on the sites of those burned in the late fire; the second was the bill reported by the Committee on Naval Affairs for the increase of the navy. A bill was adopted in the House, on the 6th inst., from the Committee on Ways and Means, abolishing the offices of assessors and assistant assessors of internal revenue. In the Senate, a bill was introduced creating a commission to adjust the claims under the Geneva award. The Committee on Finance was instructed to inquire what legislation is necessary to relieve the present stringency of the money market.

The funeral of the late Horace Greeley took place on the 4th inst. from the Church of the Divine Paternity, in this city. The President and Vice-President of the United States, the Vice-President elect, and numbers of distinguished men from all parts of the country attended, and representatives of clubs embracing all classes of industry. From the church to South Ferry Broadway was densely crowded, and similar crowds awaited the cortége on the Brooklyn side, on its way to Greenwood Cemetery.

By authority of an order issued by Judge Durell, the United States Marshal, assisted by the government troops, has taken possession of the Louisiana State-house, to prevent the success of a conspiracy to seize the State government.

The debt statement shows a reduction of $1,198,229 during the month of November.

The Madoc Indians have attacked the Tule Lake settlement and killed a number of men. The women escaped on foot to the adjoining settlement, nine miles off.

The New York *Evening Express* building, on Park Row, in this city, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 8th inst. The loss will probably amount to $50,000.

The resignation of Judge Nelson, of the United States Supreme Court, has been accepted by the President.

Mayor Hall has accepted the resignation of Mr. Richard O'Gorman as Corporation Counsel, and appointed Mr. Edward Delafield Smith to fill the vacancy.

The Cherokee National Council, now in session at Tahlequah, has banished all white men from their country.

The Constitutional Commission met in Albany on the 5th inst., and, on motion of Mr. Erastus Brooks, passed resolutions to the memory of Horace Greeley. After the dispatch of some merely preparatory business the Commission adjourned to the 8th of January.

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. THIERS has consented to remain President if the ministers would withdraw their resignations, to which the latter agreed. General Ducrot has been summoned to Versailles to answer a report accusing him of having prepared the troops to act against the government in case of a crisis.

The stokers of the four or five largest gas-works in London are on a strike, and the companies have warned the public to use as little gas as possible until the trouble is over. Five hundred of the strikers have been summoned for conspiracy.

The steamship *Creswell* was lost on her way from Falmouth to Cork, and twenty-one of the passengers and crew perished.

At the town of Newport, Monmouthshire, the gas-works exploded on the 4th inst., killing several persons and seriously wounding a large number of others.

Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet and novelist, is seriously ill.

The newly created German peers nearly all took their seats in the Upper House of the Diet on the 5th inst.

The session of the Swiss Federal Assembly was opened on the 2d inst.

Count von Longyay, the Austrian Minister of Finance, has tendered his resignation. The other ministers remain in the cabinet.

The river Arno has overflowed its banks as well as the Po, destroying bridges, inundating the surrounding country, and causing great destruction of property.

The republican bands in Catalonia have been dispersed, and tranquillity reigns there and at Villafranca.

A large fire has occurred at Auckland, New Zealand, destroying buildings and other property to the amount of $250,000.

Namyk Pasha, who was Governor of Djeddah at the time of the massacre of 1859, will probably be appointed Grand Vizier of Turkey.

Ten blood-hounds, purchased by order of the Captain-General of Cuba, have arrived at Espiritu Santo, for the purpose of capturing runaway negroes in the mountains.

WRECKED ON THE BAHAMAS.

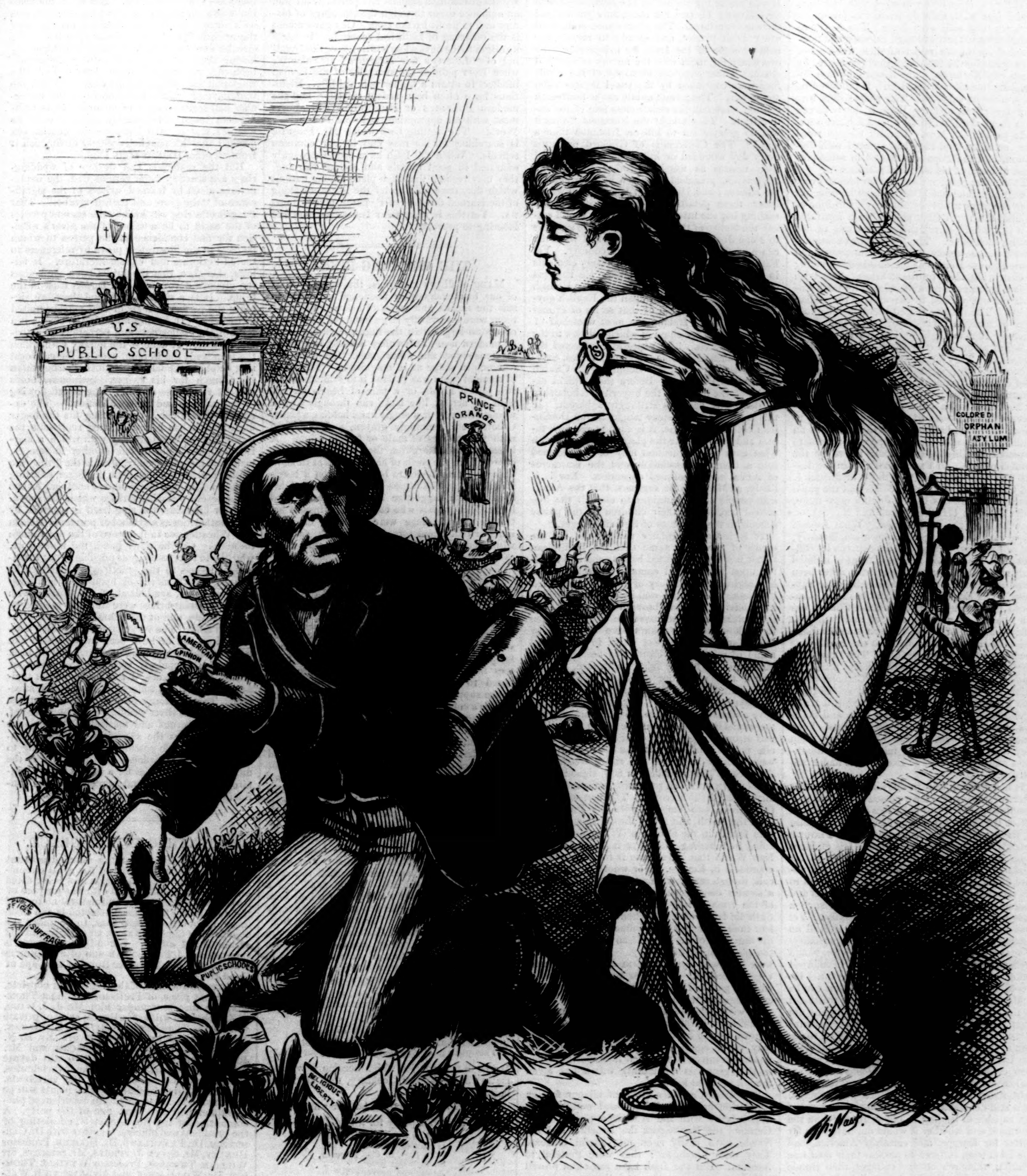
> “If the Bahamas let you pass,
> Look out for Cape Hatteras,”

is a favorite saying with navigators of the West Indian waters. But if you do not want to appear “green” in the sight of these hardy sons of Neptune you must call these islands the “Bemanies.” No sailor ever says “Bahamas.” This chain of islands, stretching in a north-westerly direction from the north coast of San Domingo to that of East Florida, forms a group of about twenty inhabited islands and an immense number of islets and barren rocks, which have been the scene of many terrible disasters. In early times the larger islands were the rendezvous for pirates, who for many years held complete possession of New Providence, and established there a large settlement, with a strong fort, from which they were wont to set forth upon their marauding expeditions. The remains of the fort are still in existence near the flourishing town of Nassau—a port which obtained great notoriety during the rebellion as the rendezvous for English-built privateers.

Nothing can be more delightful in pleasant weather than the sail among the Bahama banks. Sitting on deck under an awning, the voyager sees them on every hand—here barely showing above the water, there rising higher, clothed with tropical vegetation, with a tall light-house rising above the little cottages grouped about its foot, and perhaps with two or three wrecking schooners lying at anchor in some sheltered cove. But nothing can be conceived more terrible than the same waters during a storm, and few ocean regions are more dreaded by sailors. The frequent wrecks on the islands have given rise to a “wrecking” system, which affords employment and subsistence to a large number of the inhabitants. The “wreckers” are licensed by the government for the purpose of giving succor to vessels in distress, and rescuing lives and property from stranded ships. They are allowed a salvage on the property they recover; and while it must be admitted that they generally regard the wreck of a large ship with a valuable cargo as a special providence, it must also be said to their credit that they frequently display the most laudable heroism in the effort to save life.

Our illustration on this page shows a stranded ship, loaded with cotton, which has been driven ashore in a storm. The wreckers are busily engaged in saving the cargo, and taking it to a place of security.

COTTON SHIP WRECKED ON THE BAHAMA BANKS.



THE HERB THAT WILL HEAL THE DISCONTENTED WILD IRISHMAN.

Our English Cousin Froude. "Nearly Four Hundred Years have passed away. We are still seeking for that Herb, and can not find it. I know not if it grows any where; but I yet believe that, though no growth of the Old Hemisphere, it may be discovered in the New. It is that Plant which I have come in search of."

Columbia. "When found, please leave me some, as I need it here very much myself."

IRELAND AND MR. FROUDE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Seven centuries have passed since Pope Adrian sold Ireland to the Normans,* and a throng of Romish priests and English knights began the conquest of the unlucky island. The bargain was simple, the transaction open and notorious. The Pope as the successor of St. Peter claimed the title to all islands as portions of the natural domain of the apostle. His claim was admitted. No one disputed his infallible authority. Henry II., the Norman king, purchased Ireland from its lawful owner for a valuable return. He took possession of the unproductive property, promising to reduce it to a perfect subjection to the Romish Church. He engaged to compel the Irish to pay Peter-pence—a tax of a penny on every household, which they had heretofore always refused to pay; to force the Irish priests to accept the Romish ordination, which they had hitherto steadily rejected; to accept celibacy and the papal tonsure, and admit the supreme authority of the Pope. The Church of Ireland, founded probably by missionaries from the Greek churches in Gaul, had never submitted to the papal rule. The Irish had steadily refused to pay Peter-pence. The island had been covered with schools and colleges. The Irish scholars had filled all Europe with the fame of their learning, their piety, and their manly independence.* To the popes the Irish Church was ever odious and heretical. They had now resolved to crush it into subjection. The English and papal forces, Romish legates, and Norman chiefs (1169–1175) passed into Ireland, aided by an Irish traitor, and conquered with ease its chief cities. Dublin, Cork, Wexford, and Waterford had already yielded with little resistance. A new bull was procured from Pope Alexander III. confirming the sale of the island to Henry and to his heirs, denouncing the judgments of the Church on all who should resist their authority, claiming anew the payment of Peter-pence. The papal bulls were read in a general assembly of the Irish bishops, where, however, chiefly Norman priests were present;* and Henry hoped to confirm his power by the terrors of superstition as well as his military strength. But the Irish refused to submit either to pope or king. They rose in active revolts; they sometimes chased the Normans from the wilds of Ulster or the fastnesses of Connaught; they hid in the deepest shelter of the mountains; and they boldly defied every claim to the control of Ireland but that of their native chiefs.

The Romish priests and the Norman kings next resolved to extirpate wholly the miserable Irish. They were excommunicated by the papal legates; monks and Franciscan friars taught that it was no sin to kill an Irishman; the priests themselves often murdered the innocent natives, and with their hands red with blood partook of the holy sacrament. "The priests think no more of killing an Irishman than a dog," writes a contemporary. The Irish were driven from their rich lands and comfortable homes;* the mountains and caves were filled with men, women, children, once living in ease, who had been chased like wild animals from the lowlands; nor were they safe even here. The Normans hunted them to their wretched retreats, and massacred them in the midst of their woes. For three centuries the Irish were thus persecuted by priests and Normans. The island sank into decay. Its fine schools perished. It produced no more eminent scholars. The people sank into utter ignorance, and the English slowly forced upon them the Romish faith, and a bitter servitude to English laws. Romish bishops ruled over the fallen land they had covered with desolation, and the Pope was obeyed in some portions, at least, of his wretched patrimony.

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* Adrian's bull is admitted by all the chief Roman Catholic authorities. Lingard, i. p. 407. Lanigan, iv. 243. Abbé Geoghehan and Father Burke attempt to dispute it upon insufficient grounds. See Mat. Paris, i. 95; Girald. Cam., Hib. Ex., ii. 6.

* Usher and a long list of authorities notice the difference between the Irish and the Roman Church. The Gallic Church was Greek. Patrick was perhaps educated in the Greek customs. See his *Confessio*. So Thierry, Conquête, iii. 195 *et seq.* For Irish scholarship consult Four Masters, Bede, etc.

* Lanigan, Ecc. Hist., iv. 223, is inclined to defend his native clergy. The bull claims for St. Peter's patrimony omnes insulas quibus sol justitiæ Christus illuxit. Mat. Paris, i. 95. Lingard thinks Adrian must have smiled at the notion of Henry's reforming Ireland.

* Donald, Letter. Ejectis nobis violenter de spaciosis habitationibus nostris.

Then, after perpetrating together almost every outrage that fancy could devise, after laboring for three centuries to destroy the early civilization of Ireland, the two robber powers were separated by a perpetual quarrel, their hatred was turned against each other. The popes now excommunicated the successors of the Plantagenets, and labored to use Ireland as the means of annoying or destroying the Protestant kings. The Irish people, ignorant, miserable, racked by their English tyrants, yielded to the arts of the Italian priests. The Jesuits roused them to rebellion. They became, in their despair, their ignorance, intensely Roman Catholic, because Roman Catholicism seemed to offer them aid against their oppressors. They forgot, apparently forever, that Roman Catholic greed and ambition had been the chief cause of the fall of Ireland, and for the three centuries that have just passed this unhappy country has witnessed a series of fierce struggles between the successors of the Norman kings, to whom the popes had delivered the island by an infallible title, and the Irish people, roused to perpetual hostility against their rulers by the Romish priests. In Elizabeth's reign the Jesuits and the Spaniards,* in those of James I. and Charles I. the savage chiefs and the papal priests, under James II. the Jesuits once more, under George III. the French and Napoleon, have kept up the fatal contest. What Ireland has always wanted is peace, education, industry, and self-respect. Its priests have driven its children from the schools, and kept them in isolated barbarism; its ignorant people have never been permitted to ripen into honest citizens or subjects. The English government has long abandoned its tyranny, but the Romish Church has still retained its despotic control, and it may be safely said that of all its modern woes Catholic Ireland owes the larger share to the injudicious teachings of its Italian guides. The Protestant part of the island flourishes, and keeps pace with modern civilization; the Roman Catholic population is steeped in ignorance and self-neglect. The Protestant Irish come to us educated and intelligent; the Catholic, more rude and hopeless than were their ancestors when Pope Adrian sold them to the Norman, or when they were crushed in their misery by the anathemas and the cruelties of Dominicans and Franciscans.†

It is a striking trait in this singular story that after seven centuries have passed away two representatives of the two chief foes of Ireland stand before the American public discussing the cause of its unparalleled misfortunes. Mr. Froude defends the Norman conquerors. His eminent fame as a historian, the independence of his mode of thinking, the careful and accurate nature of his researches, his love of truth, joined to his rare power of reviving historical epochs and characters, give him an authority upon such a question which few would care to dispute. Yet it is possible that on the question of Ireland no Englishman can write with perfect impartiality. Macaulay said, indeed, that he, at least, would prefer a separation of the two islands to enforced union. Mr. Froude's theory is different. He would hold Ireland by force so long as it can be held; he aims only to show that the treatment of the conquered by the Norman rulers has not been altogether intolerable. And this error runs through all his researches. He has failed to see that at the moment of the Norman invasion (1170) the Irish race still possessed its own faith and its own civilization. The *Four Masters* celebrate its learned men;‡ its last king, Roderic O'Connor, strove to revive the University of Armagh. It is still debatable whether Irish civilization was not capable of leading to higher results than the Norman, and whether it would not have been far better for Europe, and certainly America, had the Irish been suffered to possess their own free Church, their schools and colleges, their simple manners, their native land, in undisturbed peace. Instead of defending the crimes of their Norman ancestors, it would be more satisfactory to the sentiment of progressive humanity if English thinkers would enter upon the era of repentance; if they, as well as the inheritors of all medieval guilt, would confess the horrors of a past barbarism, and labor to make such atonement as may show that the human race is slowly approaching a higher grade of civilization.

The Dominican Father Burke is the champion of the Romish Church. It is not the Irish people, but their Italian masters, whom he defends. Roman priests authorized, if they did not instigate, the Norman conquest of Ireland.

It was under the shelter of the Romish Church that Henry II. and his successors perpetrated their worst crimes. The popes excommunicated every Irish patriot, and sought to repress the bold struggle of the Irish for independence by overwhelming them with the terrors of spiritual death. These excommunications of the whole race were continued by the papal legates from age to age. The priests as late as the fourteenth century were still the remorseless foes of the native Irish. They taught the Normans "that it was no greater sin to kill an Irishman than a dog."* The Cistercians of Granard or Innis every day wounded or killed the Irish, yet said their masses as usual. Brother Simon, the Franciscan, preached openly a crusade against the natives; and Donald of Ulster, from whose letter these details are drawn, declared that nothing but the utter ruin of his race would satisfy the malice of their conquerors. He suggests to Pope John that the papal see had been the cause of all the misfortunes of his country. Yet Father Burke omits all these necessary elements in the story of his unhappy land. He neglects every where the fatal intrigues of the Romish priests. He would throw upon the English government the whole guilt of that series of crimes which has made Ireland the most wretched of nations, the larger share of which belongs to the Romish Church. The popes had subjected the free churches of France, England, Wales, Scotland, Germany; their last victim was the Church founded by Patrick. Before the brilliant assaults of the historian the imperfect scholarship of the monk becomes strikingly apparent. If this is the kind of history taught in the Dominican colleges at Rome, it is easy to see how fables and legends take the place of facts, and with what ease the Inquisition may be transformed into a humane association, and the massacres of Alva into a political execution. Nor is it likely, as Mr. Froude suggests, that the American people will be anxious to commit the historical training of their children in the public schools to the graduates of Roman colleges.

It is indeed singularly unfortunate for the credit of the Irish name that the Dominican father has been permitted by his superiors to enter upon his unequal contest. The discussion has revived the memory of various events that his countrymen might well seek to hide in lasting oblivion. It has brought up anew before the public mind the massacre of 1641, when forty thousand Protestants were butchered by their Catholic neighbors; when, in the sacred name of religion, all Ulster was desolated with atrocities that history relates with awe. It has shown that when our ancestors rose in arms against England the Protestant Irish aided them with sympathy and zeal; that the Catholic Irish gave a devoted support to the Tory ministry and the unyielding king; that the North of Ireland was strongly republican; that the Roman Catholic priests and nobles of the South of Ireland were bitterly hostile to the rising freedom of America. The Catholics, in fact, signed an address to George III. professing unbounded loyalty to the British crown. The first emigrants from Ireland to America were the Protestants from the North, and it was the Orangemen alone who fought in the armies of Washington, and aided in founding those free institutions in the New World that have made it the refuge of the oppressed in Europe. Nor would it be a difficult, though certainly an ungrateful task, to trace a similar divergence between the two sections of the Irish during the recent rebellion. The Catholic Irish, with some honorable exceptions, lent their votes and their influence to embarrass the measures of the Republican party, and secure the preservation of slavery. The Orangemen were intensely loyal, the firm defenders of universal freedom. We recur to these facts not without pain. But they should be reviewed by every intelligent Irish Catholic with deep attention, with remorse and mortification; and he should labor in the future to so educate his countrymen by the lessons of true history that they may never again endanger in their blindness American institutions, or fail in proper gratitude to that generous community which has given them a peaceful home.

The Irish Catholics alone of all our foreign population have won a deep and well-deserved unpopularity with the American people. The German, the Norwegian, the Israelite, and the Swede have easily risen into useful citizens. They were intelligent; they were grateful to freedom. But the Irish have too often proved turbulent, untrustworthy, and the avowed enemies of the government and the unity of the nation. They have rushed blindly into mischief: the Fenian raids they planned to excite a war with England; Cuban invasions to entangle us with Spain. Their mobs and riots, their barbarous taste for fighting, their threats of assassination, their attempt to crush liberty of speech by open violence,† the plunder of New York by Irish officials, and the close alliance between the robbers and the Papal Church, have made the Irish name odious to every friend of liberty and of human progress. Let, therefore, the intelligent Irish Catholics atone for the misdeeds of their countrymen, and disarm the indignation of the people.

To the scholarly and instructive lectures of Mr. Froude his large audiences have listened with delight, however generally they may refuse to accept his opinions. He has awakened thought, and promoted mental clearness. Our wide-spread system of common schools has provided for him an audience eager to weigh the teachings of history and to profit by the past. Our government is the offspring of historical research. It traces its origin to the days when Pindar sang the founding of "Liberty's fair structure" at Salamis; when Livy painted the struggles of the Roman intellect to attain a higher political life. Historians have often been ardent travelers, and the modern Polybius or Herodotus will always meet with an appropriate welcome in the New World. The healing herb which Mr. Froude is searching for he may find in our common schools. When the Irish have been thoroughly educated in good morals and secular learning, they may resume that high place among nations which they once held under the liberal teaching of the learned disciples of Patrick and Columba. Yet this is what their Italian masters are laboring to prevent.

THE WEDDING-RING.

Made of divers materials, the wedding-rings of our forefathers were fashioned variously to suit the means and tastes of lovers. Some of them were awkwardly large lumps of metal, and others no larger than the fine, thread-like hoop of modern use. Often they were adorned with precious stones and other gems. They differed as much in shape as in magnitude. The metal of some of them was twisted into semblances of two joined hands, or a pair of hearts pierced with an arrow, like larks run through with a wooden skewer, or a single hand holding a heart. Others were cunningly graven, and embossed with portraitures of male or female saints. A likeness of St. Margaret, the special protectress of women in the perils of childbirth, was thought an appropriate device to be wrought on a lady's bridal ring, and its fitness was sometimes heightened by the suggestive legend, "Be of good heart!" For girls who could read, rings of betrothal and marriage were inscribed on their inner or outer, and sometimes on both, surfaces with brief maxims or scraps of verse, that were, as Shakspeare says,

> "For all the world like cutler's poetry
> Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'"

The old writers of poesies—or "posies," as the word was both spelled and pronounced—for the improvement of bridal rings and their wearers, were the literary precursors of the scribes who, plying their pens in the service of nineteenth century confectioners, produce the mottoes for crackers and bonbons that are supposed to afford young people amusement at dance suppers. We may attribute to the same scribes a considerable proportion of the comically inappropriate epitaphs that have been engraved for several generations on the tombstones of rural church-yards. They certainly worked for the undertakers in days when the hearses and catafalcoes of the newly dead were, as a matter of course, disfigured with the metrical performances of starving poetasters. Now and then in a long list of mottoes for bridal rings one comes on a piquant line, a pleasantry, or a graceful couplet. The sentiment which Bishop Bull, of St. David's, put on his wife's wedding-hoop, "Bene parĕre, parēre, parare det mihi Deus" ("God make me prolific, obedient, and sedulous") would have been good counsel to a wife not altogether Latinless. "Tibi soli" was a good punning motto for the ring of a lady condemned by her god-parents to bear the ugly name of "Tabitha." The couplets for rings published in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* are better than cutler's poetry, and do not disfigure the charming collection of *vers de société* in which they appear:

> "*A Ring, with this Poesy, 'As faithful as I find.'*
>
> "Your hand by Fortune on this Ring doth light,
> And yet the words do hit your humor quite."

And

> "*A Motto for a Plain Ring.*
>
> "Fortune doth send you, hap it well or ill,
> This plain gold ring to wed you to your will."

It was to this couplet, which became very popular in the seventeenth century, that Butler alluded in the line,

> "A bride to nothing but her will."

Against Herrick's poesy for a bridal ring—

> "And as this round
> Is nowhere found
> To flaw, or else to sever,
> So may our love
> As endless prove,
> As pure as gold forever"—

nothing worse can be objected than that it was too long to be put even on one of the large bridal rings worn by Englishwomen of the poet's period. But what can charity urge in behalf of such poesies as, "Our contract was Heaven's act," "In thee, my choice, I do rejoice," "I will be yours, while breath endures," "Despise not me, that joys in thee," "If you deny, then sure I die," which are fair specimens of the "posical" devices that fashion used to inscribe on bridal finger-hoops? It is creditable to the taste of an English gentlewoman, of whose good taste history can not say much, that Queen Mary, rather than have a wedding-ring planted with jewels on its outer surface, and engraven on its inner surface with any such couplet as

> "I did commit no act of folly
> When I married my sweet Molly,"

"chose to be wedded with a plain hoop of gold like any other maiden."

So long as people never wore many rings at the same time, and no single or unbetrothed person thought of wearing a ring unless the ornament pertained to his or her rank or office, rings of marriage or espousals were conspicuous marks of distinction. And so long as they were very notable adornments, people acted reasonably in enriching them with gems and making them as showy as possible. But when the fashion arose for ladies to encumber their fingers with several costly rings, English matrons saw the advisability of giving distinctiveness to the circular ensigns of their domestic worthiness by having them manufactured without the embellishments which only caused them to look like rings that any woman might wear. So that the wedding-ring should continue to be the noticeable and legible badge of an order of womankind—a token unmistakably expressive of its wearer's matrimonial honesty—the gentler sex decided that its simplicity should distinguish it from all other trinkets of its kind.

But the materials and devices of wedding-rings are scarcely more various than the explanations given by learned writers of the significance of "the pure and perfect arrabo." That the gift of a ring was held by the ancient peoples of the earth to be a token of the giver's affection for and confidence in the person to whom he gave it, the illustrators prove by references to sacred Scripture and classic literature. It follows, therefore, that the bridal hoop symbolizes the groom's devotion to and perfect trust in the bride. It is a single object, and therefore signifies the perfect oneness of two persons united in wedlock. In having no ends the circlet is a type of the endlessness and perpetuity of matrimonial love. It denotes the fidelity with which the man weds the woman, even as the episcopal ring betokens the faith with which a bishop takes the Church for his spouse. Swinburne holds that its roundness signifies "the round flowing of mutual love and hearty affection." The exactness with which a proper ring fits the finger for which it has been fashioned represents the nicety and perfect harmony with which a married couple should fit one another in temper, taste, and mental capacity. Just as the fitting ring neither pinches nor slips from the finger, so fitting spouses neither nip nor avoid one another. As one of the several valuable articles which the groom paid for his bride, the ring itself is regarded by some authorities as a symbol of purchase. Selden and Wheatley see in it a trace of the old Roman *coemptio*. On the other hand, the illustrators, who like to refer as many as possible of our matrimonial usages to the practices of marriage by capture, require us to look upon the bridal hoop as a toy fetter, symbolical of the violence with which reluctant brides were formerly secured by their robbers, and of the restraint in which wives are still held. The very materials of which marriage-rings are or have been made are in like manner said to symbolize the qualities of love. As gold is popularly esteemed the purest of metals, the substance of the golden circlet typifies the purity and refinement of chivalric affection. The *Salisbury Manual* teaches that the material of the silver wedding-ring, fabricated of the most sonorous and musical of the precious metals, suggests the sweetness and melodiousness of the gentle passion. And, according to Swinburne, the hardness and durability of the metal of an iron circlet for a bride's finger "signify the continuance and perpetuity of the contract" of matrimony.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We find in *Nature* a more detailed account than has hitherto appeared of the great circumnavigating exploring expedition now being fitted out by the British Admiralty for the purpose of investigating the physics and natural history of the deep seas. The vessel selected is the *Challenger*, a corvette of 2306 tons, to be under the command of Captain Nares, an experienced and accomplished officer. Second in command is Commander J. P. Maclear, son of Sir Thomas Maclear, late Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope.

The scientific staff of the expedition consists, in the first place, of Professor Wyville Thomson, the director; under him Mr. J. J. Wild, of Zurich, who will act in the capacity of private secretary. The chemist is Mr. J. Y. Buchanan. The naturalists and collectors are Mr. H. N. Moseley, Dr. Von Willemoes. Suhm, and Mr. John Murray. The former two will devote their attention particularly to the invertebrates, Mr. Murray taking charge of the vertebrata. The collection of land and marine plants will be intrusted to Mr. Moseley. An experienced photographer will also form one of the party. A committee of the Royal Society, consisting of the president and officers, together with Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Frankland, Dr. Hooker, Professor Huxley, Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, Mr. Siemens, Sir William Thomson, Professor Wyville Thomson, Dr. Williamson, and Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, has been formed for the purpose of preparing the necessary instructions.

The *Challenger* is an auxiliary screw-steamer of 400 horse-power engines, and carries two cutters, a steam pinnace, a South Sea whaling boat, a jolly-boat, two gigs, and a dingy. Stages have been erected amidships, from which the dredges will be worked, and immediately aft of the stages is the steam winding-in apparatus. The fore magazine is arranged for stowing a large quantity of alcohol and of bottles for preserving the specimens. A chemical laboratory and a work-room for the naturalists have been fitted up, and the alcohol is laid on to the work-room by means of a pipe leading from a metal cistern placed in the nettings. Several hundred miles of best whaling line have been prepared at Chatham for the service of the dredges, of which there will be about forty.

The stores include traps of various forms, harpoons, a harpoon-gun, fishing-tackle of all kinds, trawls, trammels, nets, lobster-pots, etc. Special attention is being paid to all the forms of apparatus required for physical research. Among these, somewhat worthy of notice, is a new deep-sea pressure gauge, and an instrument for bringing up samples of water from the bottom. A hydraulic machine will also be carried on board to test with accuracy all the physical apparatus, thermometers, pressure gauges, etc. Piano wire will be used for sounding lines according to Sir William Thomson's method; and an aquarium will be kept on board to aid in prosecuting the study of the development of interesting animals.

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* Sacchinus, iv. 185. A Jesuit missionary in 1561 made his way to Cork. He found the priests probably married. Clericos cœnobitasque passim omnes cum mulierculis suis. Allen, Archer, and other Jesuits were active in the various risings. See Moore, Hist. Ire., ii. 437-497.

† The priests in Ireland drive the children from the public schools.

‡ The Four Masters, O'Donovan, ed., abounds in notices of learned and eminent men. See ii. p. 987-989 *et seq.* In 1111 fifty bishops, 300 priests, 3000 students, meet at a synod, poets abound, p. 965. In 1102 dies the chief lector of Armagh and of all the West of Europe. As late as 1173-74 learned men are numerous. Flann O'Gorman, principal of the College of Armagh, dies 1174, a famous scholar, who had studied in France and England. Mr. Froude has scarcely done justice to this trait of Irish civilization.

* Donald's letter is quoted by Thierry, and preserved by Fordun, Scot. Chron. Non magis est peccatum interficere hominem Hibernicum quàm unum canem. Donald ascribes the ruin of his country to the Roman see. Miserabile in quo Romanus pontifex statu nos posuit. Fordun, p. 923.

† Even Mr. Froude has not escaped annoyance—a new proof that his assailants have never been trained in the common schools. They have lost the regard for letters that once marked their ancestors.

The proposed route, which, of course, may experience some modification hereafter, is to start from Portsmouth about the beginning of December for Gibraltar, making a haul of the dredge in the Bay of Biscay on the way, and thence proceed to St. Thomas, Bermuda, and the Azores; thence to Bahia, and across to the Cape of Good Hope; then southward to the Crozetts, Marion Islands, and Kerguelen Land. A run as far southward as possible will next be made, and then the vessel will proceed to Sydney, New Zealand, the Campbell and Auckland groups, Torres Straits, New Guinea, and New Ireland. A long cruise, of perhaps a year, will be made among the Pacific islands, after which the expedition will visit Japan for a stay of two or three months; thence go northward to Kamtchatka, whence a run will be made through Behring Straits, and then among the Aleutian Islands, and back through the deep eastern region of the Pacific by Easter Island, and possibly to the Galapagos Islands, and around Cape Horn, and home.

It is expected the expedition will last about three years and a half. It is needless to say that, under the auspices of the gentlemen who have charge of this expedition, nothing will be left undone that is necessary to make it a perfect success; and it is earnestly to be hoped that our own expedition, about proceeding to the Pacific Ocean for a somewhat similar purpose, will not be far behindhand in its preparations. The results of such explorations as those referred to will be looked forward to with interest by the entire scientific community, and will undoubtedly add greatly to our knowledge of the past and present of life upon the globe.

The inexpediency of keeping young salmon for some time after the yolk-bag is absorbed, and then letting them out in a body, is shown by the experiments of Professor A. D. Hager, when Commissioner of Fisheries for the State of Vermont. In December, 1869, this gentleman received fifty thousand salmon eggs, and succeeded in hatching fully four-fifths of the entire number. After the yolk-bag was absorbed they were fed for about a month, and then placed in certain streams in Vermont. They were very active and healthy in the hatching-boxes, and bade fair, when transferred to their proper abode, to answer the objects for which they were reared. They were placed in such localities as seemed most likely to secure them against attacks from other fishes; but it was found that, very shortly after they were planted, fish of all kinds, even the cyprinidæ, gathered from all quarters and fed voraciously upon them. A single dace of two inches in length was taken, in two minutes after the salmon were introduced, with four of them in its stomach.

The planting took place in June of 1870, and Professor Hager doubts whether five hundred survived to the month of August. The young fish seemed entirely incapable of any action in the way of self-preservation, remaining huddled stupidly together, and making no effort, by hiding or otherwise, to escape.

It is more than probable that if the fish had been placed in the water as soon as the yolk-bag was absorbed they would have hid themselves in the gravel, according to their natural instincts, and measurably escaped the attacks of their enemies.

Professors Young and Emerson, of Dartmouth College, have lately published an account of their astronomical operations at Sherman, the highest point of the Pacific Railroad (an elevation of 8300 feet), in connection with a party of the United States Coast Survey. One object of the expedition was to determine the difference in the astronomical appearances at that elevation as compared with those of lower levels. It was found that the Dartmouth telescope, with an aperture of 9.4 inches, would show every thing that could be seen in New England with a 12-inch objective. The views of Saturn and the moon, as well as of double stars, clusters, and nebulæ, were exceedingly beautiful.

As might have been expected, Professor Young's labors were largely connected with spectroscopic observations, and these were successful in a very high degree. The solar prominences and chromosphere were seen far more clearly than ever before, and Secchi's "layer of continuous spectrum at the sun's limb" was repeatedly verified. There were observed in the spectrum of the chromosphere 165 new, bright lines, making the total number known 268. Of the 103 previously recorded all but 30 had been catalogued at Dartmouth.

The most interesting observation of all, however, was probably the discovery of the permanent reversal of the H lines of the spectrum of the chromosphere, and the fact that the same lines are reversed on the surface of the sun itself over quite a large region surrounding every spot. It is thought improbable that these observations can be verified by instruments near the sea-level.

Our government is making active preparations to observe the transit of Venus in 1874 with a completeness which will leave nothing to be desired. At the last session of Congress a scientific commission was organized to provide the necessary instruments, and it has been determined to occupy eight or ten stations. The stations will be mostly on the islands and coasts of the Pacific Ocean, from New Zealand on the south to the Aleutian Islands on the north, and from the Sandwich Islands on the east to China on the west. Telescopes and photographic apparatus for eight stations have been ordered from the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons, Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, and it is probable that nearly all the apparatus will be of American manufacture.

The commission has printed a pamphlet containing some important papers on the subject, and it is expected that this will be followed by others. The present pamphlet is mostly devoted to the question of photographing the transit. It contains a very full description of the apparatus used by Mr. L. M. Rutherford, of New York, whose photographs of the celestial bodies are the finest ever taken. The longest paper is by Professor Newcomb, one of the commission, who gives a detailed description of the method by which the commission actually proposes to take the photographs. Professor Newcomb finds objections which he deems fatal to nearly all the plans of photographing that have been proposed in Europe, and therefore proposes that adopted by Professor Winlock, of the observatory of Harvard College. In this plan the telescope is forty feet long, and is fixed in a horizontal position, the object end pointing north. A short distance from the object-glass is a plain mirror, which is set so as to throw the rays of the sun into the telescope. At the other end of the telescope an image of the sun four and a half inches in diameter is formed, and here the photographic plate is placed to receive and photograph this image. Immediately in front of the plate a plumb-line is to be hung, and thus be photographed on the plate, in order to get the direction of the vertical diameter of the sun.

Among the advantages claimed for this plan are, that the photograph can be taken in the dark room and on a firm support, while on the other plan the photographer must take his sensitive plate to the eye-piece of the telescope, which has to be kept in motion; that the image on the plate is free from all distortion; and, finally and chiefly, that it is the only plan by which the measures of inches on the negative can be reduced to minutes and seconds of an arc in the heavens with the necessary accuracy.

A correspondent of the Alaska *Herald* writes from the Shumagin Islands in reference to the cod-fisheries carried on in that vicinity, and estimates the number of large fish taken during the season at 1,200,000. These will be sufficient to supply the California market, and leave something over for other points on the Pacific Coast. The cod-fishing season commences in April and lasts until September, and the product from this source is rapidly increasing.

The cod-fish are generally taken by means of small boats whose crews go out from the shore or from vessels. Eleven and twelve inch hooks, baited with halibut or cuttle-fish, are generally used. A good fisherman will readily take four hundred fish in a day, although three hundred is a fair average. The fish are salted and packed away as soon as they are brought on board.

Some time ago Dr. William B. Carpenter, on theoretical grounds, concluded that a strong *surface* current runs outward from the Black Sea through the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles into the Ægean, this current being obviously the result of the elevation of the level of the Black Sea by the enormous volume of fresh-water discharged into its basin by the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don, and other rivers. This inflow, being greatly in excess of the evaporation from the surface of the Black Sea, keeps down the salinity of its water to an average of about two-fifths that of ordinary sea-water.

It is, therefore, evident that, as the outer current is continually carrying away a portion of its salt, the basin would in time become entirely filled with fresh-water but for some return of salt-water from the Ægean, and he maintained that this is supplied most probably by an under-current flowing inward. The truth of this prediction on the part of Dr. Carpenter was contested by Captain Spratt on the ground of experiments made by him during the survey of these straits, this officer maintaining that, on the contrary, the water of the Dardanelles below twenty fathoms is motionless, and that the salt-water finds its way back into the Euxine as a surface current when the rivers are low and the wind sets along the straits from the Ægean.

Quite recently the controversy has been decisively settled by experiments conducted by the surveying staff of the *Shearwater* with a large current drag. This was suspended from a boat in the deeper stratum of the Dardanelles, and carried along by it in opposition to the surface current, which is said to have been even stronger than that of the steam-launch of the *Shearwater*. This under-current was found to be flowing at twenty fathoms from the surface, precisely the depth assigned to it by Dr. Carpenter, as deduced from the discussion of Captain Spratt's own experiments.

A very important paper has been prepared by Dr. Petermann in reference to the late discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, having especially for its object to prove that the Lualaba River is identical with the Congo. To this end he discusses the comparative levels of the Lualaba, Lake Tanganyika, and the river Kir, or Bahr el Djebel, which empties from the Albert Nyanza, and incorrectly called the "White Nile," of which it is only one of the main streams. The elevation of Lake Tanganyika is estimated by Dr. Livingstone at about 3000 English feet, while the Lualaba is considerably lower, according to his estimate, or only about 2000, and the Albert Nyanza is from 2500 to 2700 feet. If Dr. Livingstone's estimate of the level of the Lualaba as compared with that of the Tanganyika is correct, it is of course certain that this river can not join the Albert Nyanza; and indeed there is reason to suppose that the Lualaba would have to penetrate a range of high mountains if it emptied into the Albert Nyanza, and through this into the Bahr el Djebel.

Again, the lower level of the Lualaba is against the assumption of its junction with the Tanganyika, even if the explorations by Livingstone and Stanley had not proved that it receives no great river in that direction. The largest of its affluents from the north, the Rusiri, is very shallow, and only thirty yards broad. The union of the Lualaba with any of the western streams of the White Nile is precluded by the Welle, a river found by Dr. Schweinfurth to run from east to west and northwest. This Welle is supposed not to belong to the system of the Nile, for very good reasons, and there is also reason to believe that it can not be the lower course of the Lualaba.

Another warrant for not admitting the identity of this river with the Nile is found by a comparison of the quantity of water contained in the two rivers. As regards the Lualaba, Dr. Livingstone found that in the dry season the current was one and a half to two English miles per hour, with a great depth. If we estimate the minimum breadth at 2000 yards, the depth eight feet, and the current one and a half miles per hour, we have a volume of 124,000 cubic feet per second for the Lualaba. A calculation of the water found in the White Nile and its tributaries at the same season of the year shows that its volume is scarcely one-third as great as that of the Lualaba, from which consideration it is very evident that the latter can not be an affluent of the former.

On the other hand, the Congo possesses all the magnitude which the Lualaba must acquire after receiving the Quango and other tributaries. The estimated flow of this river is 1,800,000 cubic feet per second, its breadth being estimated at 9000 feet, and its depth sixty. It is thus shown to be larger than the Mississippi, which, according to Humphries and Abbot, carries down only a mean of 675,000 cubic feet per second. The Congo collects this water from an area of 800,000 square miles, the Mississippi from an area of 1,200,000.

If we take from the Congo the basin of the Lualaba, there would not remain more than 400,000 square miles, which area would be insufficient to maintain the lowest estimated volume of the Congo, especially as the rain-fall in the interior of equatorial Africa in the rainy season does not exceed fifty-eight inches. For this reason Dr. Petermann concludes that, while the Congo is the only river capable of receiving the Lualaba, so it requires this latter river to account for the enormous volume of the former.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Far away from the bustling life of this great metropolis, in scores of quiet country homes, there are many good people who honestly regard the city of New York as a vast reservoir of vice and crime. Nor is it so strange that they almost think no good can come out of it. The one weekly newspaper which finds its way to the solitary farm-house, and is carefully conned over by dim candle-light through long winter evenings, contains too often horrible details of murders, suicides, and crimes of every name, while no mention is made of a great under-current of love and charity which impels the hands of thousands to deeds of mercy. The popularity of sensational reading results in strange misconceptions. For example, a mere cursory glance at the evidence of thoughtful care for the destitute on the recent Thanksgiving-day will show not only that thousands were made happy on that occasion, but that in numerous ways, year after year, the work of Christian benevolence is steadily going on in this city. We do not now allude to the remembrance which was extended to private families who were needy, but to public institutions where the friendless, the homeless, the sick, or the erring were gathered. At the Five Points House of Industry, after some five hundred children and others connected with the "House" had been abundantly fed, the doors were thrown open, once and again, to the hungry poor, until one thousand people had done justice to the good things provided. The Children's Aid Society, at its numerous homes and industrial schools, provided abundant good cheer for the young folks. Four hundred children were amply fed at the Home of the Friendless; the Howard Mission dispensed to about a thousand; the Colored Orphan Asylum made glad two hundred and fifty little boys and girls; five hundred were feasted at the St. Barnabas Home. Similar care was taken that a nice Thanksgiving dinner should be provided for the inmates of the Ladies' Home Mission, the House of Mercy, St. Vincent's Home for Boys, the Girls' Lodging-House, the Half-orphan Asylum, the Sheltering Arms, the Newsboys' Lodging-House, the Midnight Mission, the Union Home School, St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, the Juvenile Guardian Society—and we might extend the list much farther; but the simple names of these various charities will indicate that multitudes of willing hearts and hands are constantly engaged in efforts to help the destitute and unfortunate.

The second volume of Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, which has just appeared in England, contains a letter written by Dickens to Forster on completing *David Copperfield*, an extract from which will be of interest to the many admirers of that popular work:

> "I have been (15th of September) tremendously at work these two days—eight hours at a stretch yesterday and six hours and a half to-day—with the Ham and Steerforth chapter, which has completely knocked me over—utterly defeated me! I am (21st of October) within three pages of the shore, and am strangely divided, as usual in such cases, between sorrow and joy. Oh, my dear Forster, if I were to say half of what *Copperfield* makes me feel to-night, how strangely, even to you, I should be turned inside out! I seem to be sending some part of myself into the Shadowy World!"

The latest invention which the Boston fire has been the means of developing to bless the human race is a plan for making buildings absolutely fire-proof, which consists in constructing metal-lined reservoirs in the walls and roofs, to be filled with water. Of course water will not burn, and the inventor therefore claims that his water-lined houses will be protected against the flames, except in cases where the heat of a contiguous fire is so great as to convert all the water into steam. This may be very good; but isn't there some danger of death by floods?

Mrs. Mary Fairfax Somerville, so well known as a mathematician and astronomer, and whose death recently occurred at about the age of seventy-seven, did not commence the study of the exact sciences until after her first marriage. Her husband encouraged her remarkable aptitude for science, but she soon outstripped her teacher. But it was not until after her second marriage that she became celebrated.

The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada has determined to abandon its broad six-feet gauge, and readopt the ordinary narrow one. As a reason for this movement it is stated that the broad gauge has no merits sufficient to compensate for the greatly increased cost of operating such a road, and in a few years it is probable that all wide roads on this continent will be reduced to the standard gauge.

A man in Paris recently invented boots to walk with on the water. At the public experiment with them the boots floated, to be sure, but the inventor's head went under the water.

A dreadful rumor is abroad. It originated with "an eminent French chemist"—name not given. But the unknown assures society that many of the new "evening" silks are covered with picrate of lead, that consequently they are liable to a tremendous explosion at any time, and that gentlemen must take care lest their partners in the dance suddenly blow up.

Nearly every thing can be "made to order" nowadays. The latest novelty is the manufacture of clouds, and a very useful art this promises to be in certain agricultural districts. The Vine-Dressers' Congress, in France, undertook the business, with a view to protect their vineyards from frosts both in spring and at harvest-time. The process consists in igniting a preparation of tar, which sends into the atmosphere thick white clouds, which remain suspended several yards above the soil. Thus the radiation of heat at night is checked. This experiment has proved successful in many cases, and may give a hint to farmers elsewhere.

In view of possible and probable fires in New York city, it is pleasant to know that the large reservoir which has been in process of construction for the past two years on the west branch of the Croton, at Boyd's Corners, is nearly completed. Before spring it will probably be ready to store up over three thousand millions of gallons of water. The dam is six hundred feet wide and ninety feet high. Another capacious reservoir is to be on the middle branch of the river, at Brewster's Station, on the Harlem Railroad. The dam of this reservoir will be four hundred feet in length, and the reservoir will cover five hundred acres of ground.

"Brain workers," remarks an English journal, "require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers." Although the brain bears but a small proportion to the whole body in weight and size, it receives about one-fifth of the blood sent by the heart into the system. According to careful estimates and experiments it has been ascertained that three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. If these things are so, two things should be borne in mind: first, that it is reasonable and right that brain laborers should receive a higher compensation for their time than manual laborers; second, that young people who are growing physically, and also engaged in hard study, should be furnished with a very nutritious diet.

A church is a singular rendezvous for burglars, but apparently the house-breakers of Westchester County thought it a pretty safe one. A church near Bronxville, about fifteen miles from New York, was recently being repaired, when in the unused attic there were found a complete set of burglar's tools, two hundred skeleton-keys, a couple of revolvers, chairs, a table, and cooking utensils. Unfortunately the workmen carried away the implements immediately, and the affair was so noised abroad as to prevent any possibility of capturing the criminals. Churches must be examined rather more carefully, if they are likely to become hiding-places for public offenders. The edifice above referred to stands in an isolated grove, which may account for its being regarded as suitable head-quarters for a gang of burglars.

The museum of the Agricultural Department, in Washington, has received an attractive addition to its collection from Switzerland. This is a box of silk ribbons, comprising specimens manufactured each year since 1844. Some of these specimens are marvelously rich in color and exquisitely manufactured, and are designed to illustrate not only the progress in silk manufacture, but the results of coloring from the use of the aniline and other dyes. It is probable that aniline, which is one of the numerous products of the distillation of coal-tar, may be relied upon to furnish the materials for many beautiful colors.

When Lafayette was visiting this country in 1825 the watch which had been presented to him by Washington was stolen from him. This unfortunate event occurred while he was a guest of the Governor of Tennessee, and a reward of one thousand dollars was offered for its recovery, but it did not bring the watch to light. Recently, however, this historic relic appears to have turned up, first at Louisville, where it was sold for seventy dollars, and afterward it was exhibited in New Orleans. It is a thick, small gold watch of ancient appearance, and bearing the following inscription on the back, under the outside case: "G. Washington to Gilbert Mottiers de Lafayette, Lord Cornwallis, Capitulation, Yorktown, December 17, 1781." Some of the words of the inscription are rather obscure. Inside the watch, near the balance-wheel, these words are engraved, "E. Halifax, London, 1769." Inside of the case there is the representation of a crown, followed by the letters, R. P. If this watch proves to be what it appears, it has been suggested that it be restored to the heirs of Lafayette.

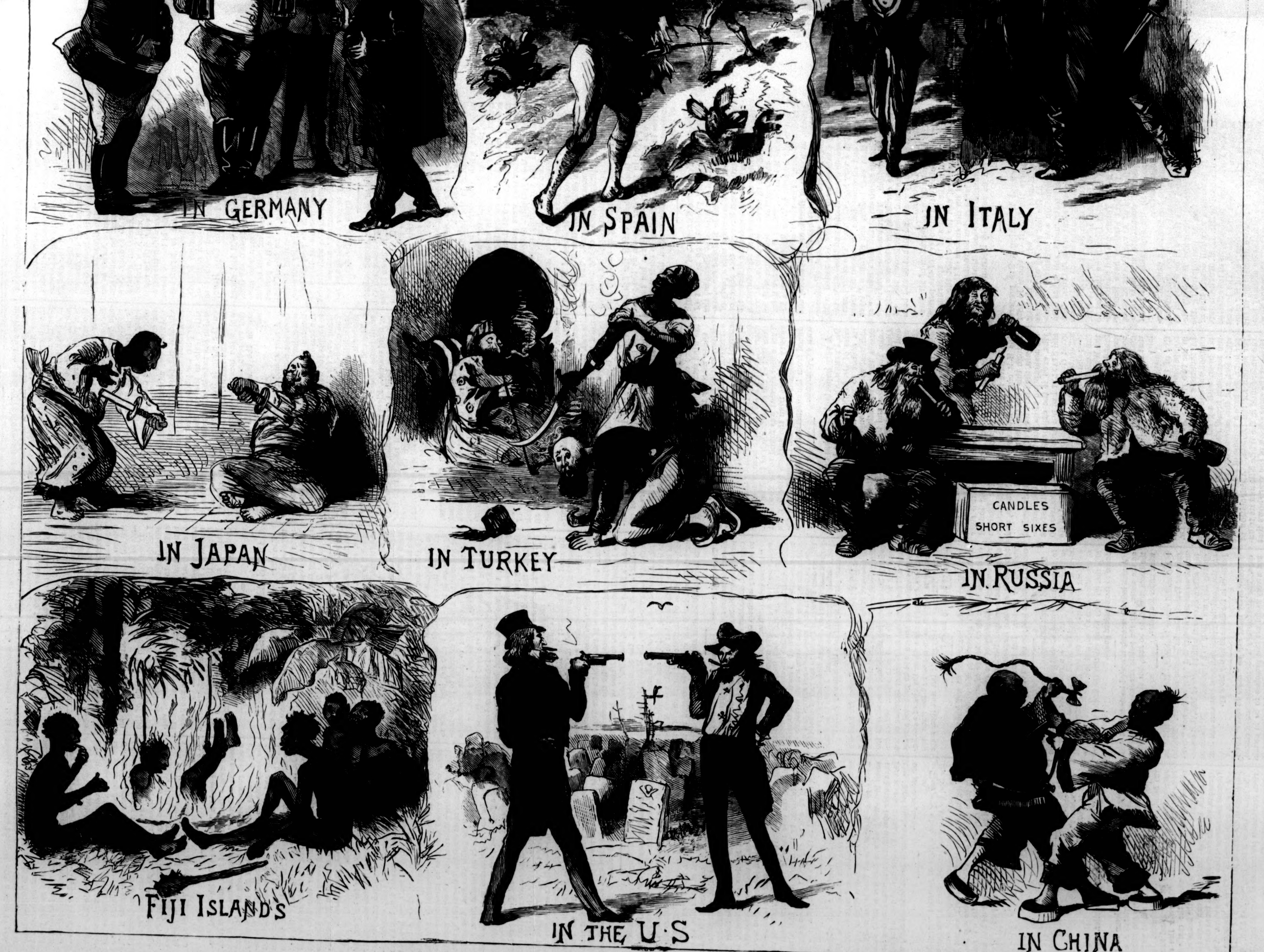
Some far-seeing prophet foretells a lack of leather to supply the human race with foot-coverings. Shoe-wearing animals are increasing, and leather-producing animals are diminishing. Hence a crisis is predicted—*some time*. Meanwhile all that is necessary is for some inventive genius to discover a better material than leather from which an improved covering for the feet may be made. Leather has been used for centuries. Most likely a substitute can be found easily when occasion requires.

Time was when writers of romance were paid by the line for their productions. Such a practice nowadays would ruin publishers, since novels would be spun out to indefinite lengths. *Words* are not lacking in these days, as one would suppose was the case in the early career of Dumas, *père*. He was paid by the line; and in one of his romances he had several pages of which the following is a sample:

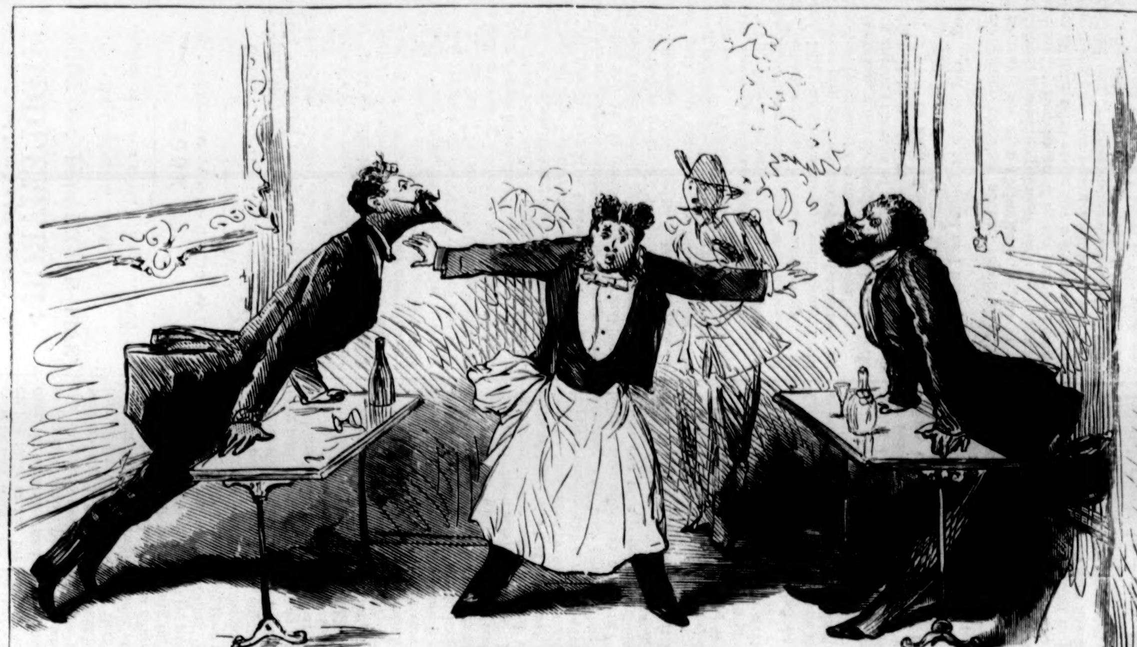
"My son!"
"Mother!"
"Listen to me!"
"Go on!"
"Thou seest!"
"What?"
"This dagger!"
"It is steeped?"
"In blood."
"Of whom?"
"Of thy father!"
"Ah!"

After that, Dumas was paid by the letter.

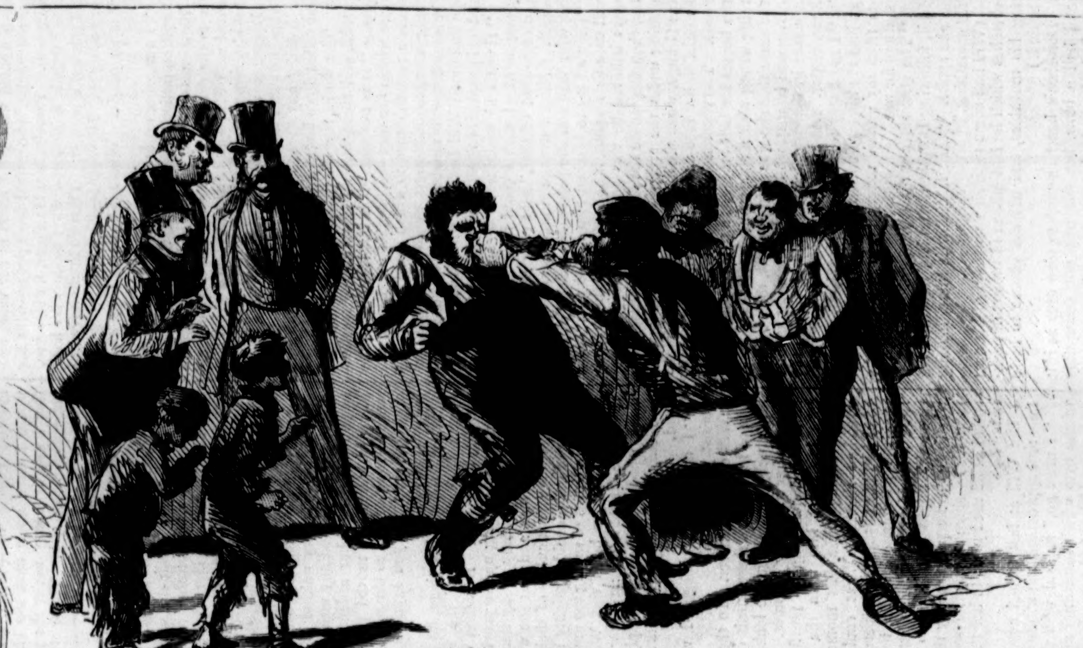
Balmoral Castle, the favorite residence of Queen Victoria, is situated in Braemar, district of Aberdeenshire, Scotland—a place which enjoys the distinction of possessing the highest hills, the purest water, and the finest pine forests in Britain. Balmoral Castle is surrounded by every variety of Highland scenery—beautiful, grand, and rude. The river Dee sweeps around the grounds upon which the castle stands with a gentle curve, while behind the house rises the mountain known as Craig-na-Gowan—grandly picturesque, with its cragged summit toned down by the fragrant birch-trees which cover its sides. The present castle, commenced in 1852, is a handsome pile of buildings in the Scotch baronial style of architecture. The square tower is one hundred feet high. The various apartments are furnished in good taste, and the grounds are handsomely laid out.


IN GERMANY
IN SPAIN
IN ITALY
IN JAPAN
IN TURKEY
IN RUSSIA
CANDLES
SHORT SIXES
FIJI ISLANDS
IN THE U.S
IN CHINA

MODES OF SETTLING DISPUTES IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN., FROM SKETCHES BY J. G. PARKER.]



IN FRANCE



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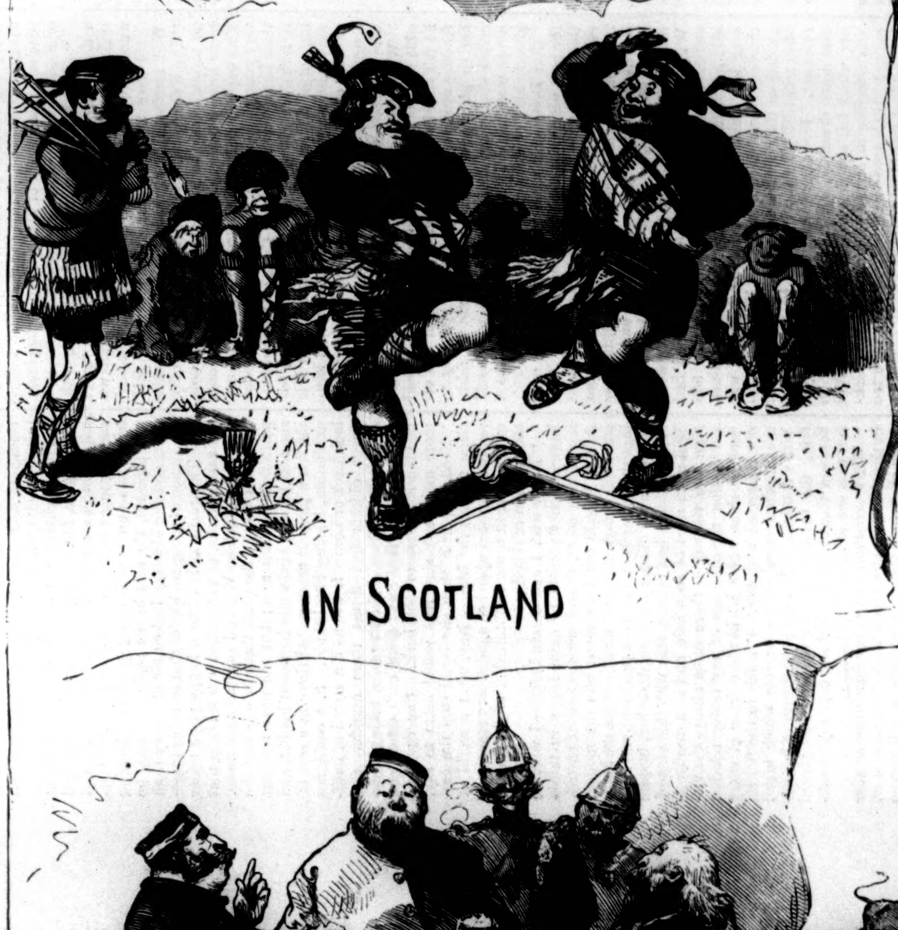

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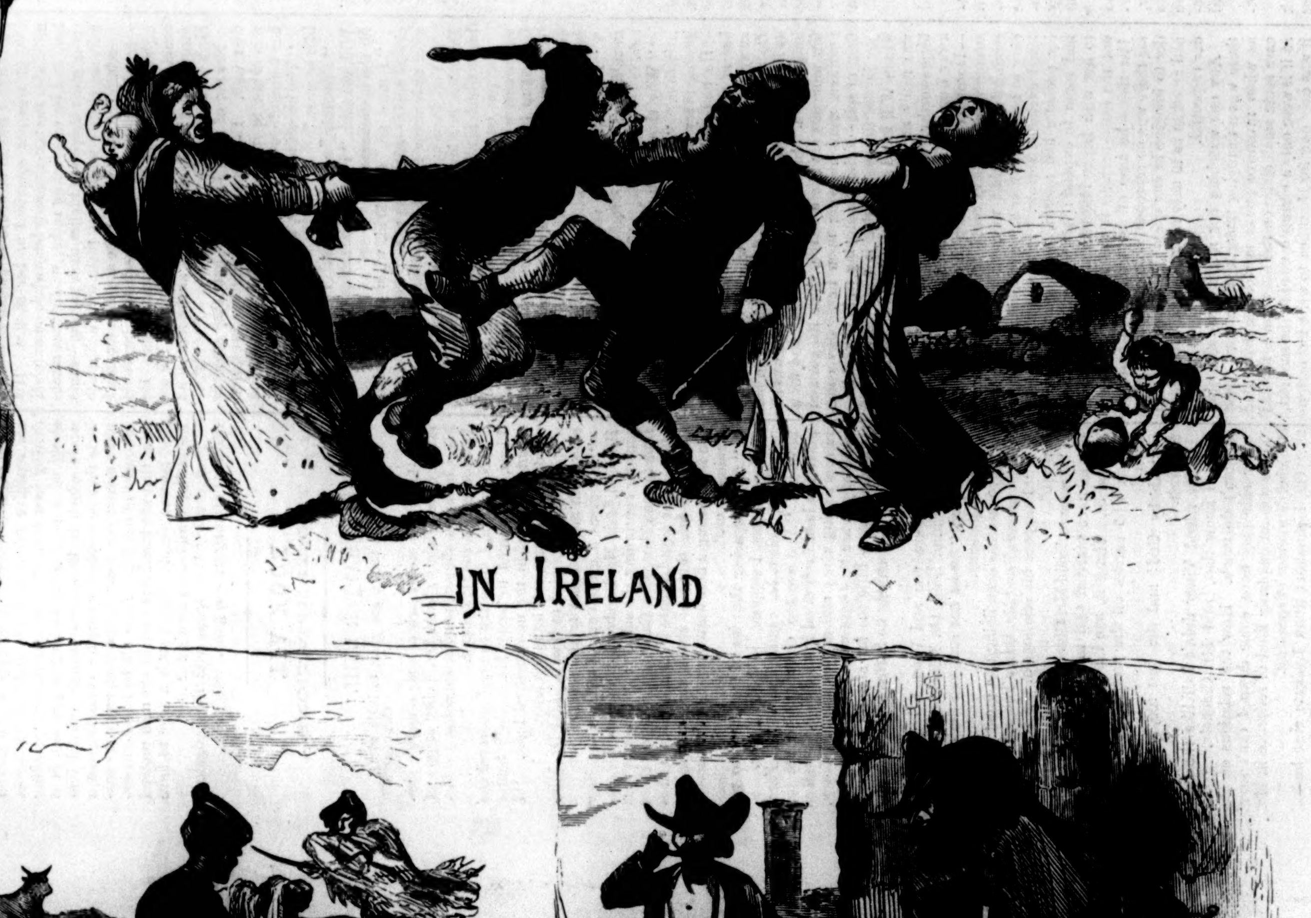


IN IRELAND

(Continued from No. 833, page 991.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK VI.

THE WIDOW AND THE WIFE.

CHAPTER LXII.—(*Continued.*)

It came very lightly indeed. When Dorothea quitted Caleb and turned to meet them, it appeared that Mrs. Cadwallader had stepped across the park by the merest chance in the world, just to chat with Celia in a matronly way about the baby. And so Mr. Brooke was coming back? Delightful!—coming back, it was to be hoped, quite cured of Parliamentary fever and pioneering. *Apropos* of the *Pioneer*—somebody had prophesied that it would soon be like a dying dolphin, and turn all colors for want of knowing how to help itself, because Mr. Brooke's *protégé*, the brilliant young Ladislaw, was gone or going. Had Sir James heard that?"

The three were walking along the gravel slowly, and Sir James, turning aside to whip a shrub, said he had heard something of that sort.

"All false!" said Mrs. Cadwallader. "He is not gone or going, apparently; the *Pioneer* keeps its color, and Mr. Orlando Ladislaw is making a sad dark blue scandal by warbling continually with your Mr. Lydgate's wife, who they tell me is as pretty as pretty can be. It seems nobody ever goes into the house without finding this young gentleman lying on the rug or warbling at the piano. But the people in manufacturing towns are always disreputable."

"You began by saying that one report was false, Mrs. Cadwallader, and I believe this is false too," said Dorothea, with indignant energy; "at least, I feel sure it is a misrepresentation. I will not hear any evil spoken of Mr. Ladislaw; he has already suffered too much injustice."

Dorothea, when thoroughly moved, cared little what any one thought of her feelings; and even if she had been able to reflect, she would have held it petty to keep silence at injurious words about Will from fear of being herself misunderstood. Her face was flushed and her lip trembled.

Sir James, glancing at her, repented of his stratagem; but Mrs. Cadwallader, equal to all occasions, spread the palms of her hands outward and said, "Heaven grant it, my dear!—I mean that all bad tales about any body may be false. But it is a pity that young Lydgate should have married one of these Middlemarch girls. Considering he's a son of somebody, he might have got a woman with good blood in her veins, and not too young, who would have put up with his profession. There's Clara Harfager, for instance, whose friends don't know what to do with her; and she has a portion. Then we might have had her among us. However!—it's no use being wise for other people. Where is Celia? Pray let us go in."

"I am going on immediately to Tipton," said Dorothea, rather haughtily. "Good-by."

Sir James could say nothing as he accompanied her to the carriage. He was altogether discontented with the result of a contrivance which had cost him some secret humiliation beforehand.

Dorothea drove along between the berried hedge-rows and the shorn corn fields, not seeing or hearing any thing around. The tears came and rolled down her cheeks, but she did not know it. The world, it seemed, was turning ugly and hateful, and there was no place for her trustfulness. "It is not true—it is not true!" was the voice within her that she listened to; but all the while a remembrance to which there had always clung a vague uneasiness would thrust itself on her attention—the remembrance of that day when she had found Will Ladislaw with Mrs. Lydgate, and had heard his voice accompanied by the piano.

"He said he would never do any thing that I disapproved—I wish I could have told him that I disapproved of that," said poor Dorothea, inwardly, feeling a strange alternation between anger with Will and the passionate defense of him. "They all try to blacken him before me; but I will care for no pain, if he is not to blame. I always believed he was good."—These were her last thoughts before she felt that the carriage was passing under the archway of the lodge-gate at the Grange, when she hurriedly pressed her handkerchief to her face and began to think of her errands. The coachman begged leave to take out the horses for half an hour, as there was something wrong with a shoe; and Dorothea, having the sense that she was going to rest, took off her gloves and bonnet, while she was leaning against a statue in the entrance hall, and talking to the housekeeper. At last she said,

"I must stay here a little, Mrs. Kell. I will go into the library and write you some memoranda from my uncle's letter, if you will open the shutters for me."

"The shutters are open, madam," said Mrs. Kell, following Dorothea, who had walked along as she spoke. "Mr. Ladislaw is there, looking for something."

(Will had come to fetch a portfolio of his own sketches which he had missed in the act of packing his movables, and did not choose to leave behind.)

Dorothea's heart seemed to turn over as if it had had a blow, but she was not perceptibly checked: in truth, the sense that Will was there was for the moment all-satisfying to her, like the sight of something precious that one has lost. When she reached the door, she said to Mrs. Kell,

"Go in first, and tell him that I am here."

Will had found his portfolio, and had laid it on the table at the far end of the room, to turn over the sketches and please himself by looking at the memorable piece of art which had a relation to nature too mysterious for Dorothea. He was smiling at it still, and shaking the sketches into order with the thought that he might find a letter from her awaiting him at Middlemarch, when Mrs. Kell, close to his elbow, said,

"Mrs. Casaubon is coming in, Sir."

Will turned round quickly, and the next moment Dorothea was entering. As Mrs. Kell closed the door behind her, they met: each was looking at the other, and consciousness was overflowed by something that suppressed utterance. It was not confusion that kept them silent, for they both felt that parting was near, and there is no shamefacedness in a sad parting.

She moved automatically toward her uncle's chair against the writing-table, and Will, after drawing it out a little for her, went a few paces off and stood opposite to her.

"Pray sit down," said Dorothea, crossing her hands on her lap; "I am very glad you were here." Will thought that her face looked just as it did when she first shook hands with him in Rome; for her widow's cap, fixed in her bonnet, had gone off with it, and he could see that she had lately been shedding tears. But the mixture of anger in her agitation had vanished at the sight of him; she had been used, when they were face to face, always to feel confidence and the happy freedom which comes with mutual understanding, and how could other people's words hinder that effect on a sudden? Let the music which can take possession of our frame and fill the air with joy for us, sound once more—what does it signify that we heard it found fault with in its absence?

"I have sent a letter to Lowick Manor to-day, asking leave to see you," said Will, seating himself opposite to her. "I am going away immediately, and I could not go without speaking to you again."

"I thought we had parted when you came to Lowick many weeks ago—you thought you were going then," said Dorothea, her voice trembling a little.

"Yes; but I was in ignorance then of things which I know now—things which have altered my feelings about the future. When I saw you before, I was dreaming that I might come back some day. I don't think I ever shall—now." Will paused here.

"You wished me to know the reasons?" said Dorothea, timidly.

"Yes," said Will, impetuously, shaking his head backward, and looking away from her with irritation in his face. "Of course I must wish it. I have been grossly insulted in your eyes and in the eyes of others. There has been a mean implication against my character. I wish you to know that under no circumstances would I have lowered myself by—under no circumstances would I have given men the chance of saying that I sought money under the pretext of seeking—something else. There was no need of other safeguard against me—the safeguard of wealth was enough."

Will rose from his chair with the last word and went—he hardly knew where; but it was to the projecting window nearest him, which had been open as now about the same season a year ago, when he and Dorothea had stood within it and talked together. Her whole heart was going out at this moment in sympathy with Will's indignation: she only wanted to convince him that she had never done him injustice, and he seemed to have turned away from her as if she too had been part of the unfriendly world.

"It would be very unkind of you to suppose that I ever attributed any meanness to you," she began. Then in her ardent way, wanting to plead with him, she moved from her chair and went in front of him to her old place in the window, saying, "Do you suppose that I ever disbelieved in you?"

When Will saw her there, he gave a start and moved backward out of the window, without meeting her glance. Dorothea was hurt by this movement following up the previous anger of his tone. She was ready to say that it was as hard on her as on him, and that she was helpless; but those strange particulars of their relation which neither of them could explicitly mention kept her always in dread of saying too much. At this moment she had no belief that Will would in any case have wanted to marry her, and she feared using words which might imply such a belief. She only said, earnestly, recurring to his last word,

"I am sure no safeguard was ever needed against you."

Will did not answer. In the stormy fluctuation of his feelings these words of hers seemed to him cruelly neutral, and he looked pale and miserable after his angry outburst. He went to the table and fastened up his portfolio, while Dorothea looked at him from the distance. They were wasting these last moments together in wretched silence. What could he say, since what had got obstinately uppermost in his mind was the passionate love for her which he forbade himself to utter? What could she say, since she might offer him no help—since she was forced to keep the money that ought to have been his?—since to-day he seemed not to respond as he used to do to her thorough trust and liking?

But Will at last turned away from his portfolio and approached the window again.

"I must go," he said, with that peculiar look of the eyes which sometimes accompanies bitter feeling, as if they had been tired and burned with gazing too close at a light.

"What shall you do in life?" said Dorothea, timidly. "Have your intentions remained just the same as when we said good-by before?"

"Yes," said Will, in a tone that seemed to waive the subject as uninteresting. "I shall work away at the first thing that offers. I suppose one gets a habit of doing without happiness or hope."

"Oh, what sad words!" said Dorothea, with a dangerous tendency to sob. Then trying to smile, she added, "We used to agree that we were alike in speaking too strongly."

"I have not spoken too strongly now," said Will, leaning back against the angle of the wall. "There are certain things which a man can only go through once in his life; and he must know some time or other that the best is over with him. This experience has happened to me while I am very young—that is all. What I care more about than I can ever care for any thing else is absolutely forbidden to me—I don't mean merely by being out of my reach, but forbidden me, even if it were within my reach, by my own pride and honor—by every thing I respect myself for. Of course I shall go on living as a man might do who had seen heaven in a trance."

Will paused, imagining that it would be impossible for Dorothea to misunderstand this; indeed he felt that he was contradicting himself and offending against his self-approval in speaking to her so plainly; but still, it could not be fairly called wooing a woman to tell her that he would never woo her. It must be admitted to be a ghostly kind of wooing.

But Dorothea's mind was rapidly going over the past with quite another vision than his. The thought that she herself might be what Will most cared for did throb through her an instant, but then came doubt: the memory of the little they had lived through together turned pale and shrank before the memory which suggested how much fuller might have been the intercourse between Will and some one else with whom he had had constant companionship. Every thing he had said might refer to that other relation, and whatever had passed between him and herself was thoroughly explained by what she had always regarded as their simple friendship and the cruel obstruction thrust upon it by her husband's injurious act. Dorothea stood silent, with her eyes cast down dreamily, while images crowded upon her which left the sickening certainty that Will was referring to Mrs. Lydgate. But why sickening? He wanted her to know that here too his conduct should be above suspicion.

Will was not surprised at her silence. His mind also was tumultuously busy while he watched her, and he was feeling rather wildly that something must happen to hinder their parting—some miracle, clearly nothing in their own deliberate speech. Yet, after all, had she any love for him?—he could not pretend to himself that he would rather believe her to be without that pain. He could not deny that a secret longing for the assurance that she loved him was at the root of all his words.

Neither of them knew how long they stood in that way. Dorothea was raising her eyes, and was about to speak, when the door opened, and her footman came to say,

"The horses are ready, madam, whenever you like to start."

"Presently," said Dorothea. Then turning to Will, she said, "I have some memoranda to write for the housekeeper."

"I must go," said Will, when the door had closed again—advancing toward her. "The day after to-morrow I shall leave Middlemarch."

"You have acted in every way rightly," said Dorothea, in a low tone, feeling a pressure at her heart which made it difficult to speak.

She put out her hand, and Will took it for an instant without speaking, for her words had seemed to him cruelly cold and unlike herself. Their eyes met, but there was discontent in his, and in hers there was only sadness. He turned away and took his portfolio under his arm.

"I have never done you injustice. Please remember me," said Dorothea, repressing a rising sob.

"Why should you say that?" said Will, with irritation. "As if I were not in danger of forgetting every thing else."

He had really a movement of anger against her at that moment, and it impelled him to go away without pause. It was all one flash to Dorothea—his last words—his distant bow to her as he reached the door—the sense that he was no longer there. She sank into the chair, and for a few moments sat like a statue, while images and emotions were hurrying upon her. Joy came first, in spite of the threatening train behind it—joy in the impression that it was really herself whom Will loved and was renouncing, that there was really no other love less permissible, more blameworthy, which honor was hurrying him away from. They were parted all the same, but—Dorothea drew a deep breath and felt her strength return—she could think of him unrestrainedly. At that moment the parting was easy to bear: the first sense of loving and being loved excluded sorrow. It was as if some hard icy pressure had melted, and her consciousness had room to expand: her past was come back to her with larger interpretation. The joy was not the less—perhaps it was the more complete just then—because of the irrevocable parting; for there was no reproach, no contemptuous wonder to imagine in any eye or from any lips. He had acted so as to defy reproach, and make wonder respectful.

Any one watching her might have seen that there was a fortifying thought within her. Just as when inventive power is working with glad ease some small claim on the attention is fulfilled as if it were only a cranny opened to the sunlight, it was easy now for Dorothea to write her memoranda. She spoke her last words to the housekeeper in cheerful tones, and when she seated herself in the carriage her eyes were bright and her cheeks blooming under the dismal bonnet. She threw back the heavy "weepers," and looked before her, wondering which road Will had taken.

It was in her nature to be proud that he was blameless, and through all her feelings there ran this vein—"I was right to defend him."

The coachman was used to drive his grays at a good pace, Mr. Casaubon being unenjoying and impatient in every thing away from his desk, and wanting to get to the end of all journeys; and Dorothea was now bowled along quickly. Driving was pleasant, for rain in the night had laid the dust, and the blue sky looked far off, away from the region of the great clouds that sailed in masses. The earth looked like a happy place under the vast heavens, and Dorothea was wishing that she might overtake Will and see him once more.

After a turn of the road, there he was with the portfolio under his arm; but the next moment she was passing him while he raised his hat, and she felt a pang at being seated there in a sort of exultation, leaving him behind. She could not look back at him. It was as if a crowd of indifferent objects had thrust them asunder, and forced them along different paths, taking them farther and farther away from each other, and making it useless to look back. She could no more make any sign that would seem to say, "Need we part?" than she could stop the carriage to wait for him. Nay, what a world of reasons crowded upon her against any movement of her thought toward a future that might reverse the decision of this day!

"I only wish I had known before—I wish he knew—then we could be quite happy in thinking of each other, though we are forever parted. And if I could but have given him the money, and made things easier for him!"—were the longings that came back the most persistently. And yet so heavily did the world weigh on her, in spite of her independent energy, that with this idea of Will as in need of such help and at a disadvantage with the world, there came always the vision of that unfittingness of any closer relation between them which lay in the opinion of every one connected with her. She felt to the full all the imperativeness of the motives which urged Will's conduct. How could he dream of her defying the barrier that her husband had placed between them?—how could she ever say to herself that she would defy it?

Will's certainty, as the carriage grew smaller in the distance, had much more bitterness in it. Very slight matters were enough to gall him in his sensitive mood, and the sight of Dorothea driving past him while he felt himself plodding along as a poor devil seeking a position in a world which in his present temper offered him little that he coveted, made his conduct seem a mere matter of necessity, and took away the sustainment of resolve. After all, he had no assurance that she loved him: could any man pretend that he was simply glad in such a case to have the suffering all on his own side?

That evening Will spent with the Lydgates; the next evening he was gone.

BOOK VII.

TWO TEMPTATIONS.

CHAPTER LXIII.

"These little things are great to little men."
Goldsmith.

"Have you seen much of your scientific phenix, Lydgate, lately?" said Mr. Toller at one of his Christmas dinner-parties, speaking to Mr. Farebrother on his right hand.

"Not much, I am sorry to say," answered the Vicar, accustomed to parry Mr. Toller's banter about his belief in the new medical light. "I am out of the way, and he is too busy."

"Is he? I am glad to hear it," said Dr. Minchin, with mingled suavity and surprise.

"He gives a great deal of time to the New Hospital," said Mr. Farebrother, who had his reasons for continuing the subject: "I hear of that from my neighbor, Mrs. Casaubon, who goes there often. She says Lydgate is indefatigable, and is making a fine thing of Bulstrode's institution. He is preparing a new ward in case of the cholera coming to us."

"And preparing theories of treatment to try on the patients, I suppose," said Mr. Toller.

"Come, Toller, be candid," said Mr. Farebrother. "You are too clever not to see the good of a bold fresh mind in medicine, as well as in every thing else; and as to cholera, I fancy, none of you are very sure what you ought to do. If a man goes a little too far along a new road, it is usually himself that he harms more than any one else."

"I am sure you and Wrench ought to be obliged to him," said Dr. Minchin, looking toward Toller, "for he has sent you the cream of Peacock's patients."

"Lydgate has been living at a great rate for a young beginner," said Mr. Harry Toller, the brewer. "I suppose his relations in the North back him up."

"I hope so," said Mr. Chichely, "else he ought not to have married that nice girl we were all so fond of. Hang it, one has a grudge against a man who carries off the prettiest girl in the town."

"Ah, by God! and the best too," said Mr. Standish.

"My friend Vincy didn't half like the marriage, I know that," said Mr. Chichely. "*He* wouldn't do much. How the relations on the other side may have come down I can't say." There was an emphatic kind of reticence in Mr. Chichely's manner of speaking.

"Oh, I shouldn't think Lydgate ever looked to practice for a living," said Mr. Toller, with a slight touch of sarcasm; and there the subject was dropped.

This was not the first time that Mr. Farebrother had heard hints of Lydgate's expenses being obviously too great to be met by his practice, but he thought it not unlikely that there were resources or expectations which excused the large outlay at the time of Lydgate's marriage, and which might hinder any bad consequences from the disappointment in his practice. One evening, when he took the pains to go to Middlemarch on purpose to have a chat with Lydgate as of old, he noticed in him an air of excited effort quite unlike his usual easy way of keeping silence or breaking it with abrupt energy whenever he had any thing to say. Lydgate talked persistently when they were in his work-room, putting arguments for and against the probability of certain biological views, but he had none of those definite things to say or to show which give the waymarks of a patient uninterrupted pursuit such as he used himself to insist on, saying that "there must be a systole and diastole in all inquiry," and that "a man's mind must be continually expanding and shrinking between the whole human horizon and the horizon of an object-glass." That evening he seemed to be talking widely for the sake of resisting any personal bearing; and before long they went into the drawing-room, where Lydgate, having asked Rosamond to give them music, sank back in his chair in silence, but with bright dilated eyes. "He may have been taking an opiate," was a thought that crossed Mr. Farebrother's mind—"tic-douloureux, perhaps—or medical worries."

It did not occur to him that Lydgate's marriage was not delightful: he believed, as the rest did, that Rosamond was an amiable, docile creature, though he had always thought her rather uninteresting—a little too much the pattern-card of the finishing school; and his mother could not forgive Rosamond because she never seemed to see that Henrietta Noble was in the room. "However, Lydgate fell in love with her," said the Vicar to himself, "and she must be to his taste."

Mr. Farebrother was aware that Lydgate was a proud man; but having very little corresponding fibre in himself, and perhaps too little care about personal dignity, except the dignity of not being mean or foolish, he could hardly allow enough for the way in which Lydgate shrank, as from a burn, from the utterance of any word about his private affairs. And soon after that conversation at Mr. Toller's, the Vicar learned something which made him watch the more eagerly for an opportunity of indirectly letting Lydgate know that if he wanted to open himself about any difficulty there was a friendly ear ready.

The opportunity came at Mr. Vincy's, where, on New-Year's Day, there was a party, to which Mr. Farebrother was irresistibly invited, on the plea that he must not forsake his old friends on the first New-Year of his being a greater man, and Rector as well as Vicar. And this party was thoroughly friendly: all the ladies of the Farebrother family were present; the Vincy children all dined at the table, and Fred had persuaded his mother that if she did not invite Mary Garth, the Farebrothers would regard it as a slight to themselves, Mary being their particular friend. Mary came, and Fred was in high spirits, though his enjoyment was of a checkered kind—triumph that his mother should see Mary's importance with the chief personages in the party being much streaked with jealousy when Mr. Farebrother sat down by her. Fred used to be much more easy about his own accomplishments in the days when he had not begun to dread being "bowled out by Farebrother," and this terror was still before him. Mrs. Vincy, in her fullest matronly bloom, looked at Mary's little figure, rough wavy hair, and visage quite without lilies and roses, and wondered; trying unsuccessfully to fancy herself caring about Mary's appearance in wedding-clothes, or feeling complacency in grandchildren who would "feature" the Garths. However, the party was a merry one, and Mary was particularly bright; being glad, for Fred's sake, that his friends were getting kinder to her, and being also quite willing that they should see how much she was valued by others whom they must admit to be judges.

Mr. Farebrother noticed that Lydgate seemed bored, and that Mr. Vincy spoke as little as possible to his son-in-law. Rosamond was perfectly graceful and calm, and only a subtle observation such as the Vicar had not been roused to bestow on her would have perceived the total absence of that interest in her husband's presence which a loving wife is sure to betray, even if etiquette keeps her aloof from him. When Lydgate was taking part in the conversation, she never looked toward him any more than if she had been a sculptured Psyche modeled to look another way: and when, after being called out for an hour or two, he re-entered the room, she seemed unconscious of the fact, which eighteen months before would have had the effect of a numeral before ciphers. In reality, however, she was intensely aware of Lydgate's voice and movements; and her pretty good-tempered air of unconsciousness was a studied negation by which she satisfied her inward opposition to him without compromise of propriety. When the ladies were in the drawing-room after Lydgate had been called away from the dessert, Mrs. Farebrother, when Rosamond happened to be near her, said, "You have to give up a great deal of your husband's society, Mrs. Lydgate."

"Yes; the life of a medical man is very arduous, especially when he is so devoted to his profession as Mr. Lydgate is," said Rosamond, who was standing, and moved easily away at the end of this correct little speech.

"It is dreadfully dull for her when there is no company," said Mrs. Vincy, who was seated at the old lady's side. "I am sure I thought so when Rosamond was ill, and I was staying with her. You know, Mrs. Farebrother, ours is a cheerful house. I am of a cheerful disposition myself, and Mr. Vincy always likes something to be going on. That is what Rosamond has been used to. Very different from a husband out at odd hours, and never knowing when he will come home, and of a close, proud disposition, *I* think"—indiscreet Mrs. Vincy did lower her tone slightly with this parenthesis. "But Rosamond always had an angel of a temper; her brothers used very often not to please her, but she was never the girl to show temper; from a baby she was always as good as good, and with a complexion beyond any thing. But my children are all good-tempered, thank God."

This was easily credible to any one looking at Mrs. Vincy as she threw back her broad cap-strings, and smiled toward her three little girls, aged from seven to eleven. But in that smiling glance she was obliged to include Mary Garth, whom the three girls had got into a corner to make her tell them stories. Mary was just finishing the delicious tale of Rumpelstiltskin, which she had well by heart, because Letty was never tired of communicating it to her ignorant elders from a favorite red volume. Louisa, Mrs. Vincy's darling, now ran to her with wide-eyed, serious excitement, crying, "Oh mamma, mamma, the little man stamped so hard on the floor he couldn't get his leg out again!"

"Bless you, my cherub!" said mamma; "you shall tell me all about it to-morrow. Go and listen!" and then, as her eyes followed Louisa back toward the attractive corner, she thought that if Fred wished her to invite Mary again she would make no objection, the children being so pleased with her.

But presently the corner became still more animated, for Mr. Farebrother came in, and seating himself behind Louisa, took her on his lap; whereupon the girls all insisted that he must hear Rumpelstiltskin, and Mary must tell it over again. He insisted too, and Mary, without fuss, began again, in her neat fashion, with precisely the same words as before. Fred, who had also seated himself near, would have felt unmixed triumph in Mary's effectiveness if Mr. Farebrother had not been looking at her with evident admiration, while he dramatized an intense interest in the tale to please the children.

"You will never care any more about my one-eyed giant, Loo," said Fred, at the end.

"Yes, I shall. Tell him now," said Louisa.

"Oh, I dare say; I am quite cut out. Ask Mr. Farebrother."

"Yes," added Mary; "ask Mr. Farebrother to tell you about the ants whose beautiful house was knocked down by a giant named Tom, and he thought they didn't mind because he couldn't hear them cry, or see them use their pocket-handkerchiefs."

"Please," said Louisa, looking up at the Vicar.

"No, no, I am a grave old parson. If I try to draw a story out of my bag a sermon comes instead. Shall I preach you a sermon?" said he, putting on his short-sighted glasses, and pursing up his lips.

"Yes," said Louisa, falteringly.

"Let me see, then. Against cakes: how cakes are bad things, especially if they are sweet and have plums in them."

Louisa took the affair rather seriously, and got down from the Vicar's knee to go to Fred.

"Ah, I see it will not do to preach on New-Year's Day," said Mr. Farebrother, rising and walking away. He had discovered of late that Fred had become jealous of him, and also that he himself was not losing his preference for Mary above all other women.

"A delightful young person is Miss Garth," said Mrs. Farebrother, who had been watching her son's movements.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vincy, obliged to reply, as the old lady turned to her expectantly. "It is a pity she is not better-looking."

"I can not say that," said Mrs. Farebrother, decisively. "I like her countenance. We must not always ask for beauty, when a good God has seen fit to make an excellent young woman without it. I put good manners first, and Miss Garth will know how to conduct herself in any station."

The old lady was a little sharp in her tone, having a prospective reference to Mary's becoming her daughter-in-law; for there was this inconvenience in Mary's position with regard to Fred, that it was not suitable to be made public, and hence the three ladies at Lowick Parsonage were still hoping that Camden would choose Miss Garth.

New visitors entered, and the drawing-room was given up to music and games, while whist-tables were prepared in the quiet room on the other side of the hall. Mr. Farebrother played a rubber to satisfy his mother, who regarded her occasional whist as a protest against scandal and novelty of opinion, in which light even a revoke had its dignity. But at the end he got Mr. Chichely to take his place, and left the room. As he crossed the hall, Lydgate had just come in and was taking off his great-coat.

"You are the man I was going to look for," said the Vicar; and instead of entering the drawing-room, they walked along the hall and stood against the fire-place, where the frosty air helped to make a glowing bank. "You see, I can leave the whist-table easily enough," he went on, smiling at Lydgate, "now I don't play for money. I owe that to you, Mrs. Casaubon says."

"How?" said Lydgate, coldly.

"Ah, you didn't mean me to know it; I call that ungenerous reticence. You should let a man have the pleasure of feeling that you have done him a good turn. I don't enter into some people's dislike of being under an obligation: upon my word, I prefer being under an obligation to every body for behaving well to me."

"I can't tell what you mean," said Lydgate, "unless it is that I once spoke of you to Mrs. Casaubon. But I did not think that she would break her promise not to mention that I had done so," said Lydgate, leaning his back against the corner of the mantel-piece, and showing no radiance in his face.

"It was Brooke who let it out only the other day. He paid me the compliment of saying that he was very glad I had the living, though you had come across his tactics, and had praised me up as a Ken and a Tillotson, and that sort of thing, till Mrs. Casaubon would hear of no one else."

"Oh, Brooke is such a leaky-minded fool," said Lydgate, contemptuously.

"Well, I was glad of the leakiness then. I don't see why you shouldn't like me to know that you wished to do me a service, my dear fellow. And you certainly have done me one. It's rather a strong check to one's self-complacency to find how much of one's right-doing depends on not being in want of money. A man will not be tempted to say the Lord's Prayer backward to please the devil, if he doesn't want the devil's services. I have no need to hang on the smiles of chance now."

"I don't see that there's any money-getting without chance," said Lydgate; "if a man gets it in a profession, it's pretty sure to come by chance."

Mr. Farebrother thought he could account for this speech, in striking contrast with Lydgate's former way of talking, as the perversity which will often spring from the moodiness of a man ill at ease in his affairs. He answered, in a tone of good-humored admission,

"Ah, there's enormous patience wanted with the way of the world. But it is the easier for a man to wait patiently when he has friends who love him, and ask for nothing better than to help him through, so far as it lies in their power."

"Oh yes," said Lydgate, in a careless tone, changing his attitude and looking at his watch. "People make much more of their difficulties than they need to do."

He knew as distinctly as possible that this was an offer of help to himself from Mr. Farebrother, and he could not bear it. So strangely determined are we mortals, that, after having been long gratified with the sense that he had privately done the Vicar a service, the suggestion that the Vicar discerned his need of a service in return made him shrink into unconquerable reticence. Besides, behind all making of such offers what else must come?—that he should "mention his case," imply that he wanted specific things. At that moment suicide seemed easier.

Mr. Farebrother was too keen a man not to know the meaning of that reply, and there was a certain massiveness in Lydgate's manner and tone, corresponding with his *physique*, which, if he repelled your advances in the first instance, seemed to put persuasive devices out of question.

"What time are you?" said the Vicar, devouring his wounded feeling.

"After eleven," said Lydgate. And they went into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER LXIV.

"*1st Gent.* Where lies the power, there let the blame lie too.
"*2d Gent.* Nay, power is relative; you can not fright
The coming pest with border fortresses,
Or catch your carp with subtle argument.
All force is twain in one: cause is not cause
Unless effect be there; and action's self
Must needs contain a passive. So command
Exists but with obedience."

Even if Lydgate had been inclined to be quite open about his affairs, he knew that it would have hardly been in Mr. Farebrother's power to give him the help he immediately wanted. With the year's bills coming in from his tradesmen, with Dover's threatening hold on his furniture, and with nothing to depend on but slow dribbling payments from patients who must not be offended—for the handsome fees he had had from Freshitt Hall and Lowick Manor had been easily absorbed—nothing less than a thousand pounds would have freed him from actual embarrassment, and left a residue which, according to the favorite phrase of hopefulness in such circumstances, would have given him "time to look about him."

Naturally, the merry Christmas bringing the happy New Year, when fellow-citizens expect to be paid for the trouble and goods they have smilingly bestowed on their neighbors, had so tightened the pressure of sordid cares on Lydgate's mind that it was hardly possible for him to think unbrokenly of any other subject, even the most habitual and soliciting. He was not an ill-tempered man; his intellectual activity, the ardent kindness of his heart, as well as his strong frame, would always, under tolerably easy conditions, have kept him above the petty uncontrolled susceptibilities which make bad temper. But he was now a prey to that worst irritation which arises not simply from annoyances, but from the second consciousness underlying those annoyances, of wasted energy and a degrading preoccupation, which was the reverse of all his former purposes. "*This* is what I am thinking of; and *that* is what I might have been thinking of," was the bitter incessant murmur within him, making every difficulty a double goad to impatience.

Some gentlemen have made an amazing figure in literature by general discontent with the universe as a trap of dullness into which their great souls have fallen by mistake; but the sense of a stupendous self and an insignificant world may have its consolations. Lydgate's discontent was much harder to bear: it was the sense that there was a grand existence in thought and effective action lying around him, while his self was being narrowed into the miserable isolation of egoistic fears, and vulgar anxieties for events that might allay such fears. His troubles will perhaps appear miserably sordid, and beneath the attention of lofty persons who can know nothing of debt except on a magnificent scale. Doubtless they were sordid; and for the majority, who are not lofty, there is no escape from sordidness but by being free from money-craving, with all its base hopes and temptations, its watching for death, its hinted requests, its horse-dealer's desire to make bad work pass for good, its seeking for function which ought to be another's, its compulsion often to long for Luck in the shape of a wide calamity.

It was because Lydgate writhed under the idea of getting his neck beneath this vile yoke that he had fallen into a bitter moody state which was continually widening Rosamond's alienation from him. After the first disclosure about the bill of sale, he had made many efforts to draw her into sympathy with him about possible measures for narrowing their expenses, and with the threatening approach of Christmas his propositions grew more and more definite. "We two can do with only one servant, and live on very little," he said, "and I shall manage with one horse." For Lydgate, as we have seen, had begun to reason, with a more distinct vision, about the expenses of living; and any share of pride he had given to appearances of that sort was meagre, compared with the pride which made him revolt from exposure as a debtor, or from asking men to help him with their money.

"Of course you can dismiss the other two servants, if you like," said Rosamond; "but I should have thought it would be very injurious to your position for us to live in a poor way. You must expect your practice to be lowered."

"My dear Rosamond, it is not a question of choice. We have begun too expensively. Peacock, you know, lived in a much smaller house than this. It is my fault: I ought to have known better, and I deserve a thrashing—if there were any body who had a right to give it me—for bringing you into the necessity for living in a poorer way than you have been used to. But we married because we loved each other, I suppose. And that may help us to pull along till things get better. Come, dear, put down that work and come to me."

[to be continued.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A guest at a hotel in Belfast, Maine, on being told that dinner was ready, stripped off his coat, and, accompanied by his wife, entered the dining-room in his shirt-sleeves. A waiter brought him a bill of fare, which he regarded curiously, and then laid it down. Pretty soon another bill of fare was placed on his plate. Then he arose in his wrath, and exclaimed, "I didn't come here to read show-bills. I came after some dinner."

Nature's Tailoring—A potato patch.

Dies are engraved now; in Cæsar's time the die was cast.

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

We get an inkling of how they enjoy life at the Hub by this paragraph from a Boston paper: "For afternoon and evening amusements we refer our readers to our advertising columns."

What form of government is the most popular nowadays?—Reform.

Why must the mummies have been in a hurry?—Because they were pressed for time.

Mr. Taylor, the late sailor-preacher, of Boston, astonished a divine who had refused to enter his pulpit because a Unitarian minister had been in it, by falling on his knees on the pulpit stairs and crying out, "O Lord, deliver us in Boston from two things, bad rum and bigotry: Thou knowest which is worst, for I don't!"

Why is the road of the transgressors so hard?—Because it is so much traveled.

Why should a spider be a good base-ball player?—Because naturally it is an excellent *fly-catcher*.

In Judge M'Arthur's court, in Washington, the other day, a lawyer called the judge's attention to the fact that a certain case had been upon the docket for a decade. "I know it," said the judge, "but the case has not decayed."

Creatures that never show the "White Feather"—Crows and blackbirds.

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweler that he would—ah, like to have—ah, something engraved on it—ah—to denote what he was! "Certainly, certainly," said the tradesman; "I'll put a cipher on it."

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

Matchless Misery—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

What business ought Tom Thumb to go into?—Grocer (grow, Sir).

"If I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his wife, "do not wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly: "I'll come for you!" To prevent difficulty, the gentleman managed it so as to be at home precisely at ten o'clock.

The Great Unpaid—The national debt.

A veteran observer says, "I never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."

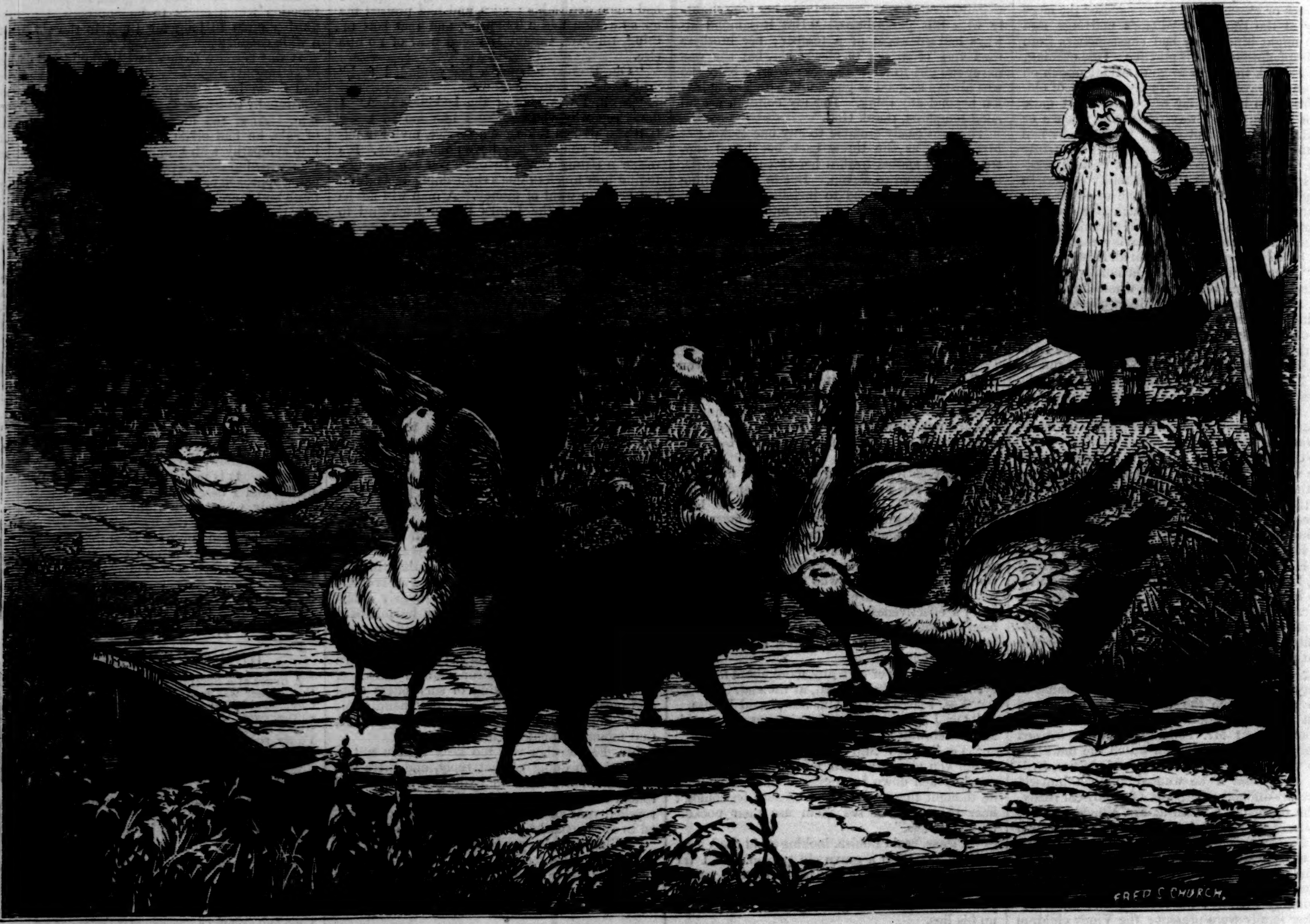
Shipping Interest—Sending money to Europe to pay our coupons.

"Young man, do you ever drink?" asked a mild-looking man, accosting Jones. "Well, yes, thank you; as it's a cold morning I don't mind," replied Jones, removing his quid of tobacco. "Don't do it any more," rejoined the mild man, "or you will eventually be damned. Good-morning! God bless you!"

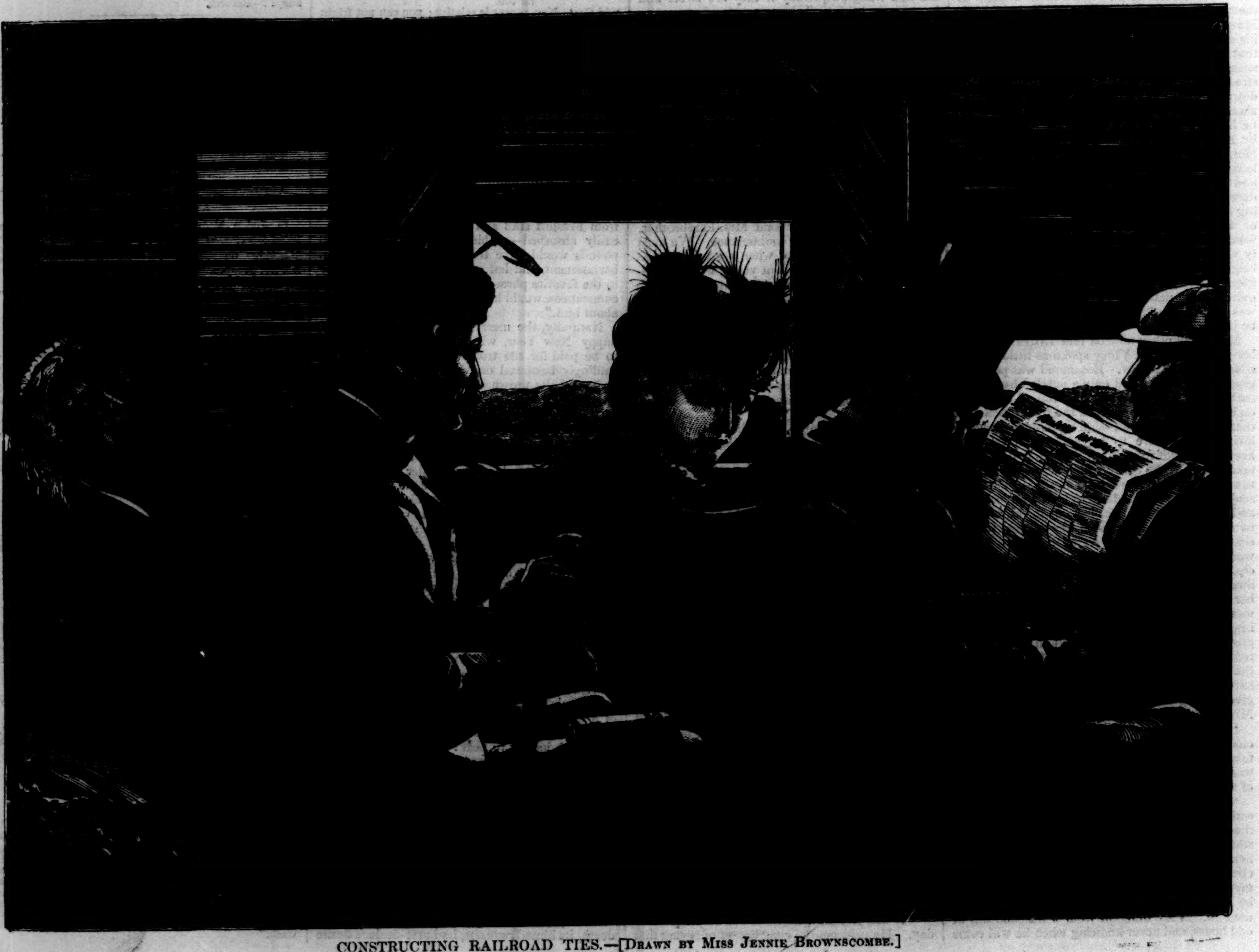
A Man of Standing—The street-car conductor.

Effectual Destruction of Weeds—Marrying a widow.

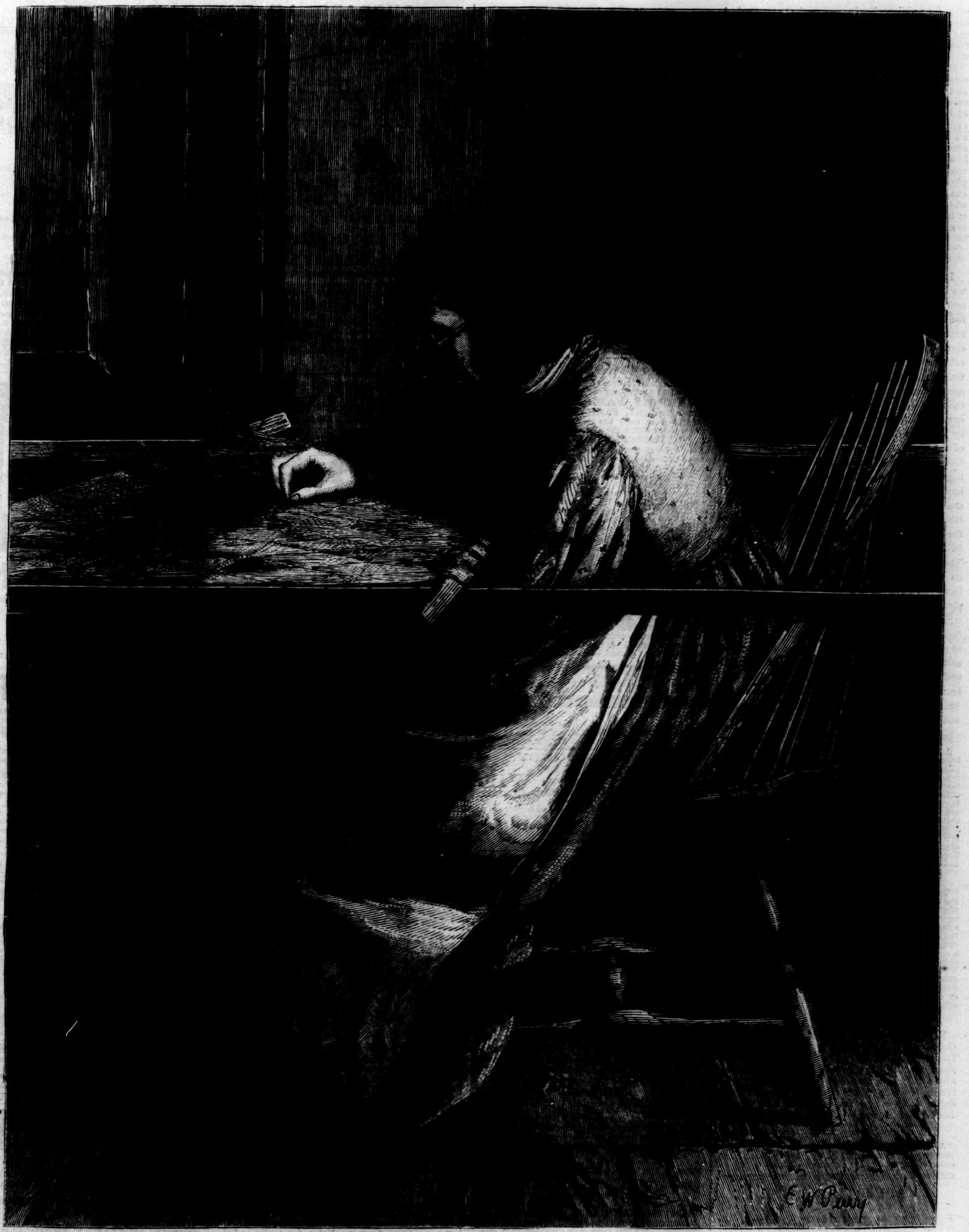
A Door-step Brigade, to save servants the trouble of cleansing our thresholds! What next, and next? as Mr. Cobden wrote. In an exquisitely beautiful little comedy, which would never have been written but for your master, Toby, a girl taunts her lazy sister: "I say, ma, if Blanche ever has a baby, she'll put it out to wash."


FRED S CHURCH.

"I WANT TO GO HOME."



CONSTRUCTING RAILROAD TIES.—[Drawn by Miss Jennie Brownscombe.]



THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

There was a time when American housewives prided themselves on their neat and often elaborate patchwork quilts; and merry indeed were the "quilting-bees," when the women, young and old, married and single, used to gather at some neighbor's house to take a hand in the work. What a hum of voices, what cheery laughter, what plying of needles, made the afternoon pass swiftly, while the work progressed as if invisible hands assisted! How pleasant it was when evening came, and needles and thimbles and chalk and line and scissors were laid aside, and the cheerful hostess invited her friends into the clean, tidy kitchen to tea! Our thrifty ancestors were not ashamed to eat in the kitchen, where mothers, wives, and daughters did their own work, unplagued by servants. What abundance crowned the board!—the steaming tea-pot, hot "riz" biscuit, smoking from the oven, cream toast, three or four varieties of home-made cake, and preserves of every description—"sweetmeats," as they were generally termed. Besides the men-folks of the household, the minister was usually the only representative of the masculine sex: the husbands, brothers, and lovers came later in the evening, when all kinds of merry, harmless games were in order.

There are few parts of the country where this custom still lingers, cheap manufactures having superseded the necessity of this branch of domestic industry. Here and there may be found some old grandmother who still clings to the habits of her youthful days, and employs much of her time at the quilting-frame. The artist from whose skillful pencil the touching illustration on this page is engraved was fortunate enough in one of his New England rambles to discover a farm-house where the art has not yet become entirely a matter of tradition. The old lady, whose pleasant face he has faithfully transferred to his drawing, kindly gave him permission to sketch her while at work. She is a type of a race which is rapidly passing away under new conditions of society. The next generation will know them only by tradition, and by such pictures as the one we give on this page.

POVERTY.

People who never were poor in the sense of absolute nothingness, being without money, and all prospect of having the necessities and decencies of their nature supplied, can not enter into the feelings that imbitter life. To be poor in this age is to be an outcast. Good and kind-hearted people pray, they imagine, very sincerely for those dependent beings, poor men, poor women, and poor children; but they have no objections to their transplantation in heaven. How few remember the poor after the fitful scenes of life are over with them! Neither their virtues, their miseries, nor their portraits are preserved.

Poverty is no passport to good society. Who cares for a philosopher in rags, or the heart-rendings of a sensible, excellent seamstress, who was the delight of cultivated acquaintances 'till misfortune compelled her to labor in a back-room with a needle?

It is charming to discourse upon Christian sympathy and charity at an evening meeting. But retiring to a luxurious home, fine apartments, rich furniture, dainty dishes, conscious of being independent in circumstances, wholly unfits the good professor of universal love for all mankind for troubling himself about abstract poverty. It is regarded as a kind of harmless crime, which disqualifies and disfranchises those who are crushed with the burden of their physical necessities. The rich may become poor, but the poor rarely become rich. But it is wicked to depress the poor by cold manners or haughty indifference, for poverty depresses the soul and is a weariness to the flesh.

ROMAN GOLD.

It was somewhere about the year 1845 or 1846, we believe, that the accomplished, brilliant, and now venerable Duke of Sermoneta, the head of the Roman nobility, and an artist by nature, directed the attention of a protégé of his, the jeweler Castellani, to the process of deepening the color and softening the metallic lustre of gold, which has since made the tour of the world. The special merit of the "Roman Gold," as it is now called, though it was originally called "Etruscan," and more correctly, consists in this, that by lowering the lustre and heightening the tone of the metal, the artist who works in it is enabled to make the setting of his jewels, his paintings, his Cameos, enhance and not detract from any brilliancy of color or of light which the jewels, the paintings, or the Cameos may possess. Illustrations of this in abundance may be seen at the establishment of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, 22 John St. (up stairs). But not of this only. The "Roman Gold" has an intrinsic beauty of its own, which, when skillfully and tastefully turned to advantage, enables the jeweler to supply his customers with ornaments at once unique, striking, "distinguished," as the French say, and comparatively inexpensive. It gives, in short, to gold thus treated, all the value of a pigment; and no gem could have a more positive warmth and glow of its own than have the bracelets, the antique ear-rings, the Etruscan rings and broaches which are manufactured now out of this noble and beautiful composition.—[*Com.*]

A. L. Luyster's recent heavy importations of Books from England and the Continent of Europe merit the attention of all lovers of literature. His collection embraces all classes and varieties, from the rare productions of the 15th century, in luminous black-letter, with extravagant woodcuts, to the most recent issues of the European press. These, with a rich array of the standard authors, elegantly illustrated works, etc., freight the shelves of this old and popular establishment. AN UNEQUALED ASSORTMENT OF CHOICE HOLIDAY BOOKS HAS JUST BEEN ADDED. Descriptive Catalogues, priced at temptingly low figures, will be gratuitously forwarded on application to the importer, A. L. Luyster, London, and 138 Fulton St., New York.

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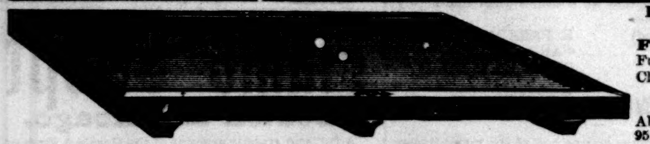

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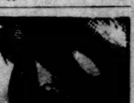

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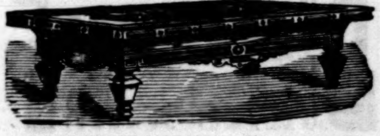

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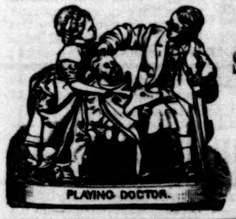
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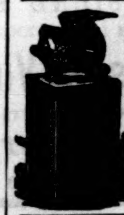

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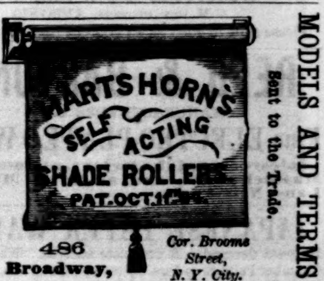
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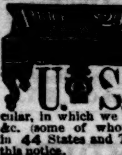

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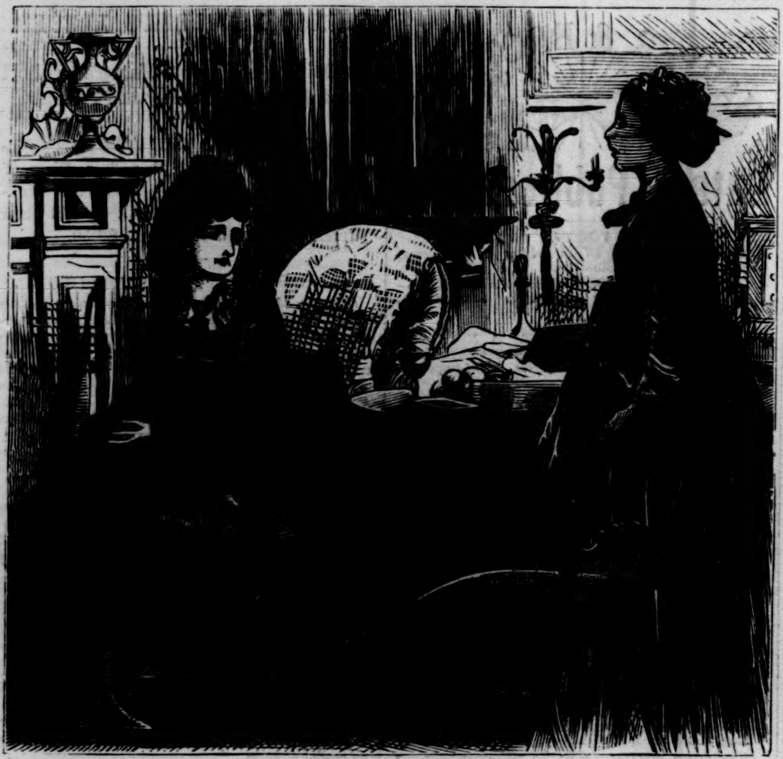

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[CONTINUED FROM No. 833, PAGE 981.]

BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," "JOSHUA MARVEL," ETC., ETC.

WITH THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR, BEGIN A NEW LIFE.

"IF I were to tell you," she resumed, "that I have felt no sorrow because of the position we are in—not as regards money, though that can not be worse, but as regards our living together, not being married—I should tell you what is not true. I have felt bitter, bitter sorrow—bitter, bitter shame. When friends fell off from me I suffered much—when the dearest one I had, a girl of my own age, said, 'Father forbids me to speak to you because you are leading a wrong life; when you are married, perhaps father will not be so hard upon you, and we may be friends again—though never as we were, Jane! never as we were!' I turned sick, Saul, because I loved her."

She paused a moment, and he, with a full sense of his own unworthiness, drew a little away from her. What she was saying now was all the more bitter because hitherto no word of implied reproach had passed her lips. She knew his thoughts, and, in her tenderness for him, put forth her hand to draw him closer to her, but withdrew it immediately without fulfilling her purpose, as though it might make her waver.

"I said to myself, Saul knows what is right; when he is in a position he will say to me, Come, Jane; and I pictured to myself our going to some quiet church one morning, without any one knowing it but ourselves, and coming back married. But it was not to be; the part you took in the strike crushed you and kept you down. The masters were against you naturally; and I knew that as my friends had fallen off from me, so your friends and fellow-workmen had fallen off from you. I blamed myself for it, for it was my counsel that caused you to desert the men as you had deserted the masters. I did not see the consequences when I spoke; I should have held my tongue."

"Jane," said Saul, gloomily, "you were right; I had my doubts that very night, after I had made the speech that inflamed me in the making as much as it inflamed the men in the hearing. I lost my head; no wonder they turned against me afterward. I should have done the same by them. But in acting as I did, I acted conscientiously. What, then, did I do, when I began to feel the consequences of my own act? Sought for consolation in drink, and but for your steady, unwavering faith—but for your patient endurance, and your untiring efforts to bring me back to reason—might have found a lower depth even than that. But patient love prevailed. Death will overtake me, or I will overtake it, when I break the promise I gave you not long ago!"

"I know it," she said, with a bright look which he could not see, her back being toward the light, "and that is why I can trust you now; that is why I have courage to say what I am about to say. There is no fear between us of misapprehension of each other's words, of each other's acts; and therefore I do not hesitate. Saul, if I have done my duty by you—and I have striven to do it, with all my heart and soul—it remains for you to do your duty by me."

He had no word to say in reply; that he had failed in his duty to her, that upon her had fallen the greater part of the misery, and all the shame of their lot, he was fully conscious. But he had never heard her speak like this before; her voice was firm, though tender, and he held his breath, waiting for her next words.

"It remains for you to do your duty by me." As she repeated these words it required the strongest effort of her will to keep the beating of her heart and her inward suffering from affecting her voice. She was successful in her effort; for, knowing what would occur within the next few hours, the imminence of the coming crisis gave her strength, and her voice was clear and steady.

"How—in what way?" he asked, in an agitated tone.

"Be sure of one thing, Saul," she cried, turned aside for an instant only by the agitation in his voice; "be sure that I love you wholly, heartfully!"

"I *am* sure of it. Teach me my duty. I will do it."

She steadied herself again.

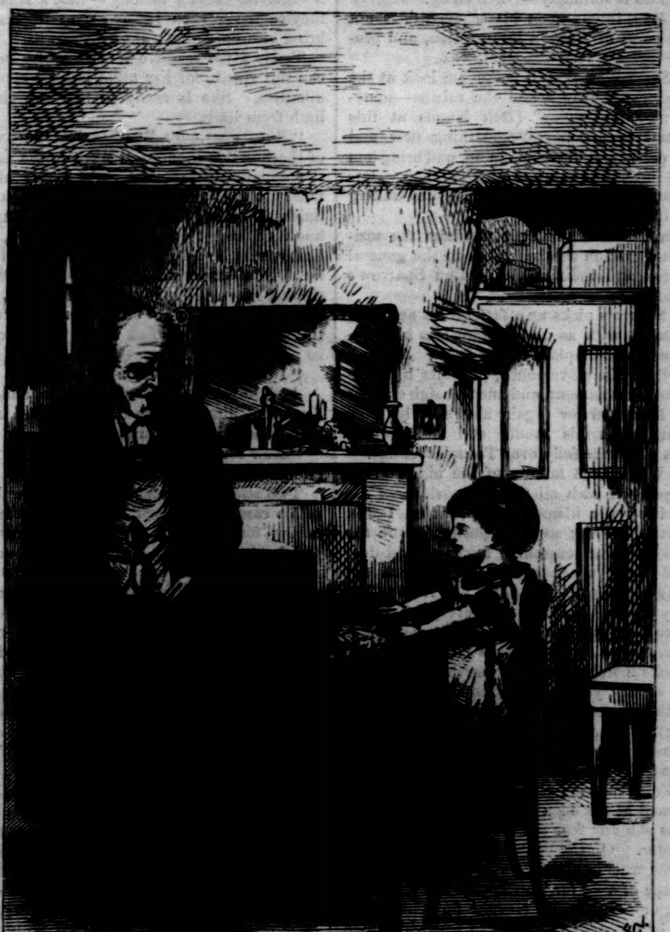
"Saul, we can not go on as we are. We have come low—very low; but worse is before us, if we are content to let it come, without an effort to avoid it. Listen. The greatest happiness that can fall to my lot is to be your wife."

"I believe it," he said.

"But not as you are, Saul! Tear yourself from your present surroundings—tear yourself from this place, where there is no hope for you nor for me! If we were at opposite ends of the world, there is a tie that binds us which neither of us can ever forget. If she were in her grave, her lips would seek my breast, her little hands would stretch themselves out to you, to caress your face! What kind of happiness would it be for you to be able to say, Come, Jane; I have a home for you, for her!"

He repeated, with his lips, "What kind of happiness!" but uttered no sound.

"Make the effort!—away from here. If you succeed—never mind how humble it is, never mind how poor—I will be your wife, loving you no more than I love you now, and you will repay me for all that I have suffered. If you fail— But you will not fail, Saul. I know it! I feel it! Make the effort; for the sake of my love for you, for the sake of yours for me. I think, if it were placed before me that you should make the effort, and, failing, die, or that we should remain as we are, I should choose to lose you, and never look upon your face again—Here! We are near the end of this sad year. Christmas is coming, Saul. Let it be the turning over of a new leaf for us. Nerve yourself—I will not say for your own sake, for I know how poor an incentive that would be to you—but for mine, and with the dawning of a new year, begin a new life!"



TOTTIE AND BEN SPARROW.

"And this is the duty that remains for me to do, Jane?"

"This is the duty."

Not from any doubt of her, or of the task she set before him, did he pause, but because he was for a while overpowered by the goodness of the woman who had sacrificed all for him—who loved him, believed in him, and saw still some capacity for good in him. When he had conquered his emotion, he said, in a broken tone,

"And then, should such a happy time ever come, you will let me make the poor reparation—you will marry me?"

"How gladly!" she exclaimed, "oh, how gladly!"

"No more words are needed than that I promise, Jane?"

"No more, Saul."

"I promise. With all my strength I will try."

He knelt before her, and, with his head in her lap, shed tears there, and prayed for strength, prayed with trustfulness, though the road was dark before him. Lifting his head, he saw the light of the clear cold sky shining through the window at her back. With her arms clasped round his neck, she leaned forward and kissed him, and as he folded her in his embrace, he felt that there were tears also on her face.

"The world would be dark without you, dear woman," he said.

Again she kissed him, and asked if it was not time for him to go.

He answered, Yes; and yet was loath to go.

"Good-night, Jane."

"Good-night, dear Saul."

With the handle of the door in his hand, he turned toward her, and saw her standing with the light shining upon her.

DEAR LOVE, GOOD-BY.

IT was three o'clock in the morning before Saul Fielding came home. The bell of Westminster proclaimed the hour with deep-sounding tongue. Saul ascended the stairs quietly. He did not wish to disturb any one in the house—least of all, Jane, if she were asleep. "Although," he thought, dwelling in love upon her, "the dear woman wakes at my lightest footfall." He crept into the room softly, and paused, with hand upraised and listening ear. "She is asleep," he whispered, gladly. He stepped gently to the bedside and laid his hand lightly upon the pillow; it was cold. "Jane!" he cried, with a sudden fear upon him. His hand traveled over the bed; it was empty. So strong a trembling took possession of him that he could not stand, and he sank, almost powerless, on the bed. "What is this?" he asked of himself. "Why is she not abed? Jane! Jane! Where are you?" Although he spoke in a tone scarcely above a whisper, every word he uttered sounded in the dark room like a knell, and seemed to come back to him charged with terrible meaning—as though some one else were speaking. "Let me think," he muttered, vaguely. "How did I leave her? She was not angry with me. Her words were full of hope. She kissed me, and stood—there!" He looked toward the window, and saw the outlines of her face in the light—saw her eyes gazing tenderly, lovingly, upon him. He knew that what he saw was but a trick of the imagination; but he moved toward the light, and clasped a shadow in his arms. "The world is dark without you, dear woman!" he sobbed, with closed eyes, repeating almost the last words he had said to her. "The world is dark without you! Where are you? Have you left me?" The table shook beneath his hand, as he rested upon it to steady himself. But he could not control his agitation; it mastered him. With trembling hands he struck a match and lit the lamp; then saw with certainty that Jane was not in the room. Mechanically he took from the table a sheet of paper with writing upon it, which the light disclosed. "Jane's writing," he muttered, and then read:

"DEAR LOVE,—I have left you for your good—for mine. I had this in my mind when I spoke to you to-night. I have had it in my mind for a long time. It is the only secret I have ever had which you did not share. We have been so unfortunate in the past, and so clear a duty remains before us, that we should be undeserving of better fortune if we did not strive ourselves to better it. I rely implicitly upon your promise. Tear yourself away from this place, and begin a new life. As long as I live, not a day will pass without my praying for a better fortune for you and for me to Him who sees all things, and who, my heart tells me, approves of what I am doing now. Pray to Him also, dear Love. He will hear you, and pity. Remember what is the greatest happiness that can fall to my lot, and remember that I shall not be unhappy—loving you and having you always in my thoughts—while I think that you are working toward a happier end. I have no fears in leaving you. I know how you will keep your promise—and you have said so much to-night to comfort me! I treasure your words. They are balm to my heart.

"I have taken service with a respectable family, who live a long way from here, and I have adopted an assumed name. The address I inclose is where you can write to me. You will not, I know, seek to turn me from my purpose. I shall write to you to the care of Mrs. Naldret; for the sake of George's friendship for you, she will receive the letters. Tell George.

"Dear Love, good-by! All my prayers are with you. Let them and the memory of me sustain your heart; as the consciousness of your love for me, and my faith in God's goodness, will sustain mine.

"Till death, and after it, your own

"JANE."

He read the letter twice—first with only a vague sense of its meaning, but the second time with a clearer understanding. Sobs came from his chest, tears came from his eyes, the hand that held the paper trembled, as he read. He knew that she was right. But it was hard to bear—bitterly hard to bear. How lonely the room looked—how mean, and miserable, and desolate! Faint as he was—for he had been standing in the cold streets for hours, playing with the waits, and nothing but a sup of water from a drinking-fountain had passed his lips—he had no consciousness of physical weakness. All his thoughts were of Jane, all his heart and soul and mind were charged with tenderness for his dear woman. He looked at the words "Dear Love," until he heard her voice speaking them. He had no thought of following her; her happiness depended upon his obeying her, and he would obey her. He had resolved upon that immediately. But oh, if he could hold her in his embrace once more! If he could hear her dear voice again! If, with her arms around him, he could tell her that he would be faithful to his promise! He dashed the tears from his eyes. "She is thinking of me now," he sobbed; "she is awake and praying for me now! All the suffering of our parting was hers. She took it all upon herself, dear soul! She knew, and I did not; and her heart was bleeding while she shed the light of hope upon mine! What does she say here, dear soul, to lessen my pain? 'You have said so much to-night to comfort me! I treasure your words. They are balm to my heart.' It is like her—it is like her, to write those words. She knew, dear woman, she knew, dear heart, that they would comfort *me!* But I want strength! I want strength!" His eyes traveled over the letter again, and again he read the words, "Pray to Him also, dear Love. He will hear you, and pity." Pressing the paper to his lips, Saul Fielding sank upon his knees, and bowed his head upon the bed.

TOTTIE IS READY TO TEAR OLD BEN SPARROW LIMB FROM LIMB.

As nearly all the persons with whom this history has to deal are almost in the same station of life, and live within a stone's-throw of each other, it is not a difficult task for us to transport ourselves to the little parlor in the rear of old Ben Sparrow's grocer's shop, where Ben Sparrow himself is at present considering the mechanism of a curious and complicated piece of work, the separate parts of which are lying before him. Although the parlor and the shop adjoin each other, Ben Sparrow looks upon the parlor as being a long way off, like a country house, as a place where he can obtain repose from the cares of the counter and shelves. And it really is a snug, cozy retreat.

Ben Sparrow came into the world exactly at midnight of the 21st of October, 1805, a few hours after the battle of Trafalgar was fought and won; and the doubtful compliment was at once passed on the new arrival of being the very smallest baby that ever was seen. But then women go into extremes in these matters, and their statements that this is the most beautiful baby in the world, and this the smallest, and this the chubbiest, and this the darlingest, must be taken with very large pinches of salt. On that occasion the very smallest baby in the world acted in precisely the same manner as he would have done if he had been the very largest baby in the world. Looking upon the world as his own especial dunghill (as we all of us do), he immediately began to crow, and sounded his trumpet with the weakest of lungs to show that he had made his appearance upon the stage. The sound of Westminster bells was ringing in his ears as he gathered up his little toes and legs and clinched his little fists with an air of saying, Come on! to his brothers and sisters in the profession; and in after-days he often declared jocosely that he perfectly well remembered hearing his first twelve o'clock proclaimed by the tongue of old Westminster. Between that time and this Ben Sparrow had grown from a very small baby to a very small man, and many eventful things had occurred to him. When he came to man's estate—the only estate he ever came into—he entered into business as a grocer; married, and lost his wife, who left behind her one child, a son, who had "gone wrong," as the saying is, and whose place knew him no more. The "ups and downs" of life are generally believed to be a very common experience; but they could scarcely have been so with Ben Sparrow, he had so very many downs, and so very few ups (if any) in the course of his career. Still, he managed to plod on somehow or other, until the present time, when he and his granddaughter, Bessie Sparrow, whom you have seen, and Tottie, a child of whom you have had a glimpse, after she had been put to bed by Bessie, are living together in the small house of which the grocer's shop forms part.

This short biography being concluded, we come upon Ben Sparrow, sitting in his parlor, contemplating the separate parts of the curious piece of work above referred to. The only other person in the room is Tottie, who is perched on a high chair, with a rail in front, to prevent her making an attempt to walk in the air, and whose attention is divided between the old man and certain sweet things which are spread upon the table. Such as three large fat figs—luscious young fellows, new, ripe, and with so tempting an air about them as to make their destruction appear inevitable. (Tottie is ready to act as executioner; her eager eyes attest that they would have short shrift with her.) Such as half a dozen or so sticks of cinnamon, not as fresh-looking as the figs, being indeed rather wrinkled specimens of spice; but, notwithstanding their snuffy color, they have an inviting odor about them, and tickle the nose tantalizingly. (Tottie would not say them nay, and is ready to devote them to destruction on the first word of command.) Such as a few dozen of plump dried currants, of exquisite sweetness. (As Tottie well knows, from experience of their fellows, not honestly come by; for, notwithstanding her tender years, Tottie has a vice, as you shall presently see.) Such as two or three bunches of muscatel raisins, rich-looking, princes among grapes, with a bloom upon their skins, which speaks eloquently of luscious juices within. (Tottie's eyes wander to these, and her mouth waters, and her fingers wait but for the opportunity. If some kind fairy would but cry "Shop!" now, and call for a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, or an ounce of tea—the best one-and-fourpenny—or a ha'porth of barley-sugar! But business is slack, as Ben Sparrow will tell you, with a doleful shake of the head, and there appears no such fairy, in the form of a slattern with shoes down at heel, or of a bold-faced girl with her baby in her arms, and with a blue handkerchief tied crosswise over her bosom, or of a gutter-student, capless, with straggling hair, or of a man of any age, weak-eyed, with shaking limbs. No such fairy calls "Shop!" in Tottie's interest, and taps the counter with the nimble penny.) Such as two whole halves (the prettiest of paradoxes) of candied lemon peel, with such an appetizing fragrance oozing out of them, with such delicious patches of sugar clinging to their aldermanic insides and outsides—pearls in mussels are valueless as a comparison—that the precious things of the world, such as dolls and boxes of wooden soldiers (would they were all so!), and oyster-shells and pieces of broken china to play at dinners and teas with, fade in the contemplation of them. (At least, such are Tottie's feelings as she looks and longs. Oh for the fairy!) Such, to conclude with, as a few shreds of mace, and a clove or two—scarcely worth mentioning in the presence of their superiors.

These delectable joys of life being spread upon the table, immediately under Tottie's nose, and Tottie's attention being divided between them and their lawful owner, Ben Sparrow, it will not be difficult to see which of the two possessed the greater charms for her. A rapid glance at Ben Sparrow's face, a lingering gaze upon fruit and spice, another rapid glance (with a slight reproach in it this time) at Ben Sparrow's face, and, finding no benevolent intention there, a more fixed and longing gaze upon the treasures of the earth—thus it goes without a word on either side (the thoughts of each being so intensely engrossing), and thus it might have continued for goodness knows how long, but that Ben Sparrow, with a cheery laugh, taps Tottie's cheek with his forefinger, and cries, in a tone of satisfaction,

"Now I've got it!"

(Tottie wishes *she* had.)

"Now I've got it," cries the old man again; "all complete."

Tottie shifts restlessly in her high chair.

"And Tottie shall see me make it," says Ben, with beaming face, rubbing his hands, and shifting the fruit and the spice about, much the same as if they form pieces of a puzzle, and he has found the key to it. "Especially," adds Ben, "as Tottie will sit still, and won't touch."

"No, I never!" exclaims Tottie.

This is Tottie's oath, which she is much given to swearing when her honor is called into question. Tottie's "No, I never!" is, in her estimation, worth a volume of affidavits; but it is much to be feared that her sense of moral obligation is not of a high order.

"And as Tottie's a good little girl—"

"Tottie's a dood little girl!"

There is no expression of doubt in the nods of the head with which Tottie strengthens this declaration.

"And 'll sit still, she *shall* see me make it."

The good old fellow laughs. He does not seem to realize how difficult is the task he has set Tottie. To sit still, with these treasures in view! Here an agonizing incident occurs. A small piece of candied sugar has become detached from one of the halves of lemon peel, and Ben Sparrow, with an air of abstraction, picks it up, and puts it—in his own mouth! Tottie watches him as he moves it about with his tongue, and her own waters as the sweet dissolves in her imagination. She knows the process as well as Ben, and appreciates it more, and she sighs when the candy is finally disposed of.

"You see, Tottie," says Ben, taking her into his confidence, "Business is very slack, and Christmas is coming, Tottie."

Tottie gives a nod of acquiescence.

"So I think to myself"—another nod from Tottie; she also is thinking to herself—"if I can put something in the window that 'll make the people look at the figs—"

Here Tottie introduces an artful piece of diplomacy.

"Tottie can spell fig," she says, and proceeds to do it smilingly—"F-I-G, fig."

But Ben, intent upon his scheme, does not see the point of Tottie's interruption, and proceeds:

"—Something that 'll make 'em look at the figs, and the currants, and the raisins—something new and spicy" (Ben laughs at this joke, and repeats it)—"something new and spicy; perhaps it 'll wake 'em up, and bring 'em in here instead of going to another shop. For they want waking up, Tottie, they want waking up badly."

Solemn nods from Tottie proclaim the serious consideration she has given to the general sleepiness and indifference of Ben Sparrow's customers.

Ben Sparrow picks up a fat currant and contemplates it with as much interest as a geologist would contemplate a new fossil. Tottie's eyes follow his movements; she sits like Patience on a monument, and another sigh escapes her as Ben Sparrow (again abstractedly) puts the currant in his mouth and swallows it. Draw a veil mercifully over Tottie's feelings.

"It was in the middle of the night," says Ben Sparrow, with all the impressiveness demanded by the historical fact, "that I first thought of making ME, and putting ME in the window to attract custom. I was a good deal puzzled about my legs, and my stomach got into my head, and I couldn't get it out; but little by little all my limbs and every other part of me came to me until the idea was complete. And now we'll try it—now we'll set to work and make a MAN! And if you're a good girl, and 'll sit still, you shall see ME made."

Tottie's experience in literature is very limited—extending no further, indeed, than b-a-t bat, c-a-t cat, r-a-t rat, d-i-g dig, f-i-g fig, p-i-g pig—and she knows nothing of the terrible story of Frankenstein; therefore, she is not at all frightened at the idea of seeing a man made, nor has she any fear that it will turn out to be a monster. On the contrary, if Ben Sparrow's thoughts would only take a benevolent turn in the shape of a fig for Tottie, or a few plums for Tottie, or some candied sugar for Tottie, she would be prepared to enjoy the feat which Ben is about to perform as much as if it were the best bit of fun in the world.

"Now then," commences Ben, with a whimsical glance at Tottie, who smiles back at him like a true diplomatist, "I don't know what part is generally made first, but perhaps it'll be as well to commence with the stomach. Here it is—here's my stomach."

He takes one of the halves of the candied lemon peel, and places it before him, round side up.

"There's a little too much sugar in me," he says, with a more whimsical glance than the first; "it 'll make me rather too heavy, I'm afraid. And besides, Tottie, it ain't true to nature. My inside ain't got such a coating as this."

He breaks a piece of candied sugar from the inside of his stomach, looks at Tottie, notices her wistful eyes, and gives it to her. She eats it eagerly, and so quickly as to cause amazement to Ben Sparrow, who says,

"You shouldn't eat so fast, Tottie. Good little girls don't eat so fast as that."

Tottie, with feminine duplicity, accepts this warning in an inverted sense, and cries, with her mouth full of sugar,

"Tottie's a dood little girl!" as if indorsing a statement made by her grandfather. But Tottie's thoughts are not upon the good little girl; at the present moment she resembles a savage. She has tasted blood, and thirsts for more.

"It's a fatter stomach than mine," proceeds Ben, laying his hand upon his stomach of flesh, the stomach he came into the world with; "it's rounder and plumper, and would fit the Lord Mayor or an alderman, but it 'll do, I dare say. Now for my neck."

He picks up the thickest piece of cinnamon, and measures it with his eye, breaking the stick in two. "I mustn't make my neck too long—nor too short—and I take the thickest piece, Tottie, because it's got to support my head. Like this." He makes a hole in the end of the lemon peel, and sticks the cinnamon in firmly. "Now to stick my head on, Tottie."

He selects the largest of the fat figs, and attaches it to his neck. "What's the next thing? My eyes, to be sure. Currants." Remarkably like eyes do they look when they are inserted in the face of the fat fig. Then he takes a clove for his nose, and, making a thin slit in the fig for his mouth, inserts an appropriate morsel of mace. All this being successfully accomplished, he holds himself up (as far as he goes) for his own and Tottie's inspection and approval. Tottie claps her hands and laughs, but subsides into a quieter humor at a guilty thought that steals into her mind. She thinks what a delightful thing it would be to take her grandfather (as far as he goes) and eat him, bit by bit.

"I begin to look ship-shape," observes Ben Sparrow, gazing admiringly at the unfinished effigy of himself. "You see, Tottie, what the people want nowadays is novelty—something new, something they haven't seen before. Give them that, and you're all right." (Which vague generality appears to satisfy him.) "Now here it is—here's novelty—here's something they've never seen before; and if this don't bring custom, I don't know what will."

Tottie gives a grave and silent assent; she can not speak, for her mind is bent upon cannibalism. She is ready to tear the old man limb from limb.

"But," continues Ben Sparrow, unconscious of the horrible thought at work in the mind of the apparently innocent child before him, "I must get along with myself, or I shall never be finished. I haven't been in any battle that I know of, and I wasn't born a cripple, so my limbs must be all right when I appear in public. Now for my arms. More cinnamon! I think I may call cinnamon my bones."

When two pieces of cinnamon are stuck into the sides of the candied lemon peel, they look so naked that he says,

"I must put sleeves on my arms."

And impales raisins upon them, and sticks five small slips of mace in each of the last raisins, which serve for fingers.

"Now for my legs, and there I am. More cinnamon!"

Two sticks of cinnamon stuck in the bottom of his candied stomach, and then clothed with raisins, form his legs, and there he *is*, complete.

"I think I'll do," he says, complacently.

At this moment a voice calls "Shop!" and a fairy, in the shape of a shoeless, ragged girl, taps upon the counter. Ben Sparrow goes into the shop to serve, and Tottie is left alone with his effigy. Now it has been mentioned above that Tottie has a vice, and this is it: she is afflicted, not with a raging tooth, but with a tooth so sweet as to weaken her moral sense, so to speak: she is unable to resist temptation when it presents itself to her in the shape of sweetmeats or fruit, and her notions as to the sacredness of such-like property are so loose that (no one being by to see her do it) she helps herself. And yet it is a proof that she possesses a wakeful conscience, that she turns her back upon herself when she pilfers, as if she would wish to make herself believe that she is unconscious of what she is doing. Thus, seeing, say, a bowl of currants near, and no person within sight, she will approach the bowl stealthily, and, turning her back to it, will put her hand behind her, and take a fistful, with an air of thinking of something else all the while. And it is a proof that the moral obligation of her conscience is not entirely dormant, that, after the act is committed and enjoyed, she will, under the influence of a human eye, instantly defend herself without being accused, by "No, I never! no, I never!" This express admission of guilt she can no more resist than she can resist the temptation itself. At the present time the sweet effigy of Ben Sparrow is lying within reach upon the table. Shutting her eyes, Tottie stretches out her hand, and plucking her grandfather's left leg bodily from his candied stomach, instantly devours it, cinnamon, raisins, and all—and has just made the last gulp when Ben Sparrow, having served his customer, re-enters the parlor. He casts a puzzled look at his dismembered effigy, and mutters,

"Well! if I didn't think I had made my two legs, may I be sugared!" Which sweet oath is exactly appropriate to the occasion. Then he turns to Tottie, who is gazing unconsciously at vacancy, with a wonderfully intense expression in her eyes, and she immediately shakes her head piteously, and cries,

"No, I never! no, I never!"

Ben Sparrow, having his doubts aroused by this vehement asseveration of innocence, says, mournfully,

"Oh, Tottie! Tottie! I didn't think you'd do it! To begin to eat me up like that!"

But Tottie shakes her head still more vehemently, and desperately reiterates, "No, I never! no, I never!" With the frightful consciousness that the proofs of her guilt are in her inside, and that she has only to be cut open for them to be produced.

Ben Sparrow, with a grave face, makes himself another leg, moving himself, however, out of Tottie's reach with reproachful significance. An unexpected difficulty occurs at this point. Being top-heavy, he can not balance himself upon his legs; but Ben is of an ingenious turn of mind, and he hits upon the expedient of shoring himself up from behind with stout sticks of cinnamon. Then, setting himself up, he gazes at himself in admiration. Tottie's eyes are also fixed upon the effigy; it possesses a horrible fascination for her.

HERE AND THERE ARE FORGET-ME-NOTS.

All night long Saul Fielding kneels by the side of his bed, absorbed in the memory of the woman whom he loves, and who, out of her great love for him, has deserted him. At first his grief is so great that he can not think coherently; his mind is storm-tossed. But after a time the violence of his grief abates, and things begin to shape themselves in his mind. The night is cold, but he does not feel the winter's chill. The wind sighs and moans at his window, but he does not hear it. As it leaves his lattice, and travels through the courts and streets, it bears upon its wings the influence of the grief it has witnessed, and it sobs to the stone-walls, "There kneels a man in woe!" It gathers strength when it leaves the packed thoroughfares, which, huddled together like a crowd of beggars, seem to seek warmth in close contact, and becomes angry when it reaches the wide streets, angrier still when it reaches the woods, where the trees tremble as it rushes past them. Say that it rushes onward and still onward, and that we have the power to follow it—that we see it merge into other winds, and become furious—that we see its fury die away—that we leave the winter and the night behind us—that we travel ahead of it, over lands and seas, until we come to where spring and daylight are—that we travel onward and still onward, until noon and spring are passed, and we come to where bright sun and summer are. Where are we? Thousands upon thousands of miles away; but the time is the same, for as the warm wind kisses us we look back and see the man kneeling by the side of his bed. It is winter and night, and there kneels the man. It is summer and day, and here is another man among the mountains lying on the earth, looking at the clouds. And the time is the same. The thoughts of both these men are in the past. What connection can there be between these two, in such adverse places, seasons, and circumstances? They have never touched hands. What links can bind them? Heart-links? Perhaps. It would not be so strange. It may be that at this present moment, in some distant part of the world of which we have only read or dreamed, links in your life's chain and mine are being forged by persons whose faces we have never seen.

He is desolate. Jane has gone from him. She has left words of comfort behind her, but he may never look upon her face again. She has given him a task to fulfill. "If I have done my duty by you," she said, "and I have tried to do it, it remains for you to do your duty by me." He will be true to his dear woman, as she has been to him. He will strive to perform the task she has set before him—he will strive to find a way—ay, if he dies in the attempt. He will consider presently how he shall commence. In the mean time he must think of Jane.

He falls into a doze, thinking of her, and with her in his mind the past comes to him. The aspirations which filled his boyish mind—his love for books—his desire to rise above his surroundings—his reasonings upon the relation of this and that, and his theoretical conclusions, which were to suddenly divert the common custom of things, as if a creation could in a moment crumble into dust the growth of centuries—his delight when he found that he was an orator, and could move an assembly of men to various passions—his meeting with Jane—He went no farther. The memory of her as she was when he first saw her, a bright flower—ah, how bright, how trustful and womanly!—stopped further thought, and for a time no vision appears of his downfall, his weakness, his disgrace, his sinking lower, lower, until he is almost a lost man. It comes to him presently with all its shame; but when he wakes, the chaos of images in his mind resolves itself into this: his life is before him, full of weeds, like an untended garden, but here and there are Forget-me-nots, and each one bears the name of Jane.

The morning light steals in upon his vigil, and still he has not decided how or in what way he shall commence his new life. In truth, he is powerless. He has no weapons to fight with. His old confidence in himself, his pride, his strength of will, are covered with the rust of long weakness. Rising from his knees, he breaks the crust of ice upon the water in his pitcher, and bathes his face. The cold water seems to bring strength to him. He looks about the room, and every thing within the poor walls speaks of Jane's love and care for him. The fire is laid with the last few sticks of wood and the last few lumps of coal. The old kettle, filled, is on the hob. The last pinch of tea is in the cup; the remains of the loaf are on the table. Not a thing is forgotten. "Dear woman!" he murmurs. "It is like you!" He paces the room slowly, striving to think of some path by which he can obtain a home for Jane, and thereby win her and reward her. It is useless, he knows, to seek for work here, in the neighborhood where he is known. He is known too well, and has sunk too low. Who would believe in his profession of amendment? Besides, what is the use of trying? He is of the same trade as George Naldret, and even George, a better workman than he, has resolved to leave and try his fortune elsewhere, because of the difficulty he finds in saving sufficient money to buy a home for the girl he desires to marry. Even George is compelled to emigrate— He stops suddenly in the middle of the room, and draws himself up with a spasmodic motion. Jane's words come to him: "It is a blessing for many that these new lands have been discovered. A man can commence a new life there, without being crushed by the misfortunes or faults of the past, if he be earnest enough to acquire strength. It might be a blessing to you." "A new life in a new land!" he says, aloud. "All the weakness and shame of the past wiped away because they will not be known to those around me. I should feel myself a new man—a better man; my strength, my courage would come back to me!" So strong an impression does the inspiration of the thought make upon him that he trembles with excitement. But can he leave Jane—leave the country which holds her dear form? Yes, he can; he will; the memory of her will sustain him; and she will approve, as indeed she has done already by her words. "It is the only way!" he cries; "the only way!" Thus far he thinks, and then sinks into a chair, despairing. The means! How can he obtain the means? He has not a shilling in the world, nor any friends powerful enough to help him. Heaven's gate seems to be more easily accessible to him than this new land across the seas. But he does not allow himself to sink into the lowest depth of despondency. Jane stands before him; her words are with him; like wine they revive his fainting soul. "Come, Saul," he cries aloud to himself, resolutely. "Come—think! Cast aside your weakness. Be your old self once more!" These words, spoken to himself as though they came from the lips of a strong man, sound like a trumpet in his ears, and really strengthen him. Again he thinks of George Naldret. "Mr. Million gave him his passage ticket," he says; "would Mr. Million give me one?" No sooner has he uttered the words than the current of his thoughts is diverted, and he finds himself speculating upon the cause of Mr. Million's generosity to George. Friendship? No, it can scarcely be that. There can be no friendship between George and Mr. Million. Kindness? Perhaps; and yet he has never heard that Mr. Million was noted for the performance of kindly actions. These considerations trouble him somewhat on George's account, although he can not explain to himself why the fact of Mr. Million giving George a free passage ticket to the other end of the world should cause him uneasiness. "I wonder how it came about," he thinks. "I never heard George speak of emigrating until the ticket was promised to him. At all events, if George has any claim upon him, I have none. But Mr. Million is a public man, and may be in favor of emigration. It will cost him but little to assist me. There are Government emigration ships which take a man over for almost nothing, I have heard. A line of recommendation from Mr. Million in my favor would be sufficient, perhaps. I will try; I will try. If I knew a prayer that would make my appeal successful, I would say it."

BATTLEDOOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

As a public man, James Million, Esquire, M.P. for Brewingham, felt it necessary to his position to spend two or three hours in his study every morning, and to "make-believe" to be busy. Had you asked James Million what he was, he would not have told you that he was a brewer or a capitalist, but would have replied, briefly and emphatically, "A public man, Sir." Now, to be a public man you must have a shuttlecock; and whether it was that Mr. Million had a real sympathy for the institution known as the working-man, or because the working-man drank large quantities of Million's Entire and Million's Treble X, it is certain that he set up the working-man as his shuttlecock; and it is quite as certain that he set it up without in the least understanding it, being, indeed, a most unskillful player at any game in which his own interests were not directly involved. The game of battledoor and shuttlecock is a popular one with us from childhood upward, but I am not aware that any close observer and noter of curious things has ever calculated how many shuttlecocks an ordinary battledoor will outlast. Popular as the game is with children, it is more popular with public men, who, battledoor in hand, are apt (in their enthusiasm and love for the game) to run into exceedingly wild extremes when a new shuttlecock, with spick and span new feathers, is cast among them. Such a superabundance of energy do they in their zeal impart into the game that they often sorely bruise the poor shuttlecock, and so knock it out of all shape and proportion that the members of its family find it impossible to recognize it. How many a poor shuttlecock have you and I seen on its last legs, as one might say, in a desperate condition from being much hit, and much missed, and much trodden into the mud, and with feathers that would rival those of a roupy old hen in the last stage of dissolution! and looking upon it in melancholy mood, may we not be excused for dwelling sadly upon the time (but yesterday!) when its feathers were new and crimson-tipped, and when it proudly took its first flight in the air?

In appearance, James Million, the eminent brewer, was a small, flabby man, with a white face on which the flesh hung loosely. It had been said of him that his morals were as flabby as his flesh—but this was invented by a detractor, and if it conveyed any reproach, it was at best a hazy one. He had a curious trick with his eyes. They were sound and of the first water—not a flaw in them, as diamond merchants say; but whenever there was presented for his contemplation or consideration a question of a perplexing or disagreeable nature, he would close one of his eyes, and look at it with the other. It was a favorite habit with him to walk along the streets so, with one eye closed; and a man who set himself up for a satirist or a wag, or both, once said, "Jimmy Million is so moral that he doesn't like to look on the wickedness of the world; so he shuts one eye, and can only see half of it, and thereby saves himself half the pain."

To James Million, as he sits in his study, comes a servant, who, after due tapping at the door, so as not to disturb the ruminations of the legislator, announces a man in the passage who desires to see Mr. Million.

"Name?" asks Mr. Million.

"Saul Fielding," answers the servant, and adds, "but he says he does not think you know him."

"What does he look like?"

The servant hesitates; he has not made up his mind. Although Saul Fielding is shabbily dressed, he is clean, and Jane's watchful care has made his wardrobe (the whole of which he wears on his back) seem better than it is. Besides, there is "an air" about Saul Fielding which prevents him being placed, in the servant's mind, on the lowest rung of vagabondism.

"Is he a poor man? Is he a working-man?" demands Mr. Million, impatiently.

"He looks like it, Sir," replies the servant, not committing himself distinctly to either statement.

Mr. Million has an idle hour before him, which he is not disinclined to devote to the working-man question, so he bids the servant admit the visitor.

"Wait a minute," says Mr. Million to Saul Fielding, as he enters the room. Mr. Million evidently has found some very knotty problem in the papers before him, for he bends over them, with knitted brows and studious face, and shifts them about, and makes notes on other pieces of paper, and mutters "Pish?" and "Pshaw!" and "Very true!" and "This must be seen to!" with many remarks indicative of the engrossing nature of the subject which engages his attention. After a sufficient exhibition of this by-play, which doubtless impresses his visitor with a proper idea of his importance, and of the immense interest he takes in public matters, he pushes the papers aside with a weary air, and looks up, with one eye closed and one eye open. What he sees before him does not seem to afford him any comfort; for it is a strange thing with public players of battledoor and shuttlecock, that although they have in theory a high respect for their shuttlecocks, they have in absolute fact a very strong distaste for them. Seeing that he is expected to speak, Saul Fielding commences; he is at no loss for words, but he speaks more slowly than usual, in consequence of the heavy stake he has in the interview.

"I have ventured to call upon you, Sir," he says, "in the hope that you will take some interest in my story, and that you will extend a helping hand to a poor man."

Somewhat fretfully—for careful as he strives to be, Saul Fielding has been unwise in his introduction, which might be construed into an appeal for alms—somewhat fretfully, then, Mr. Million interposes with—

"A working-man?"

"I hope I may call myself so—although, strictly speaking, I have done but little work for a long time."

Mr. Million gazes with curiosity at his visitor, and asks, in a self-complacent, insolent tone, as if he knows all about it,

"Not able to get work, eh?"

"I have not been able to get it, Sir."

"But quite willing to do it if you *could* get it?"

"Quite willing, Sir; more than willing—thankful."

Saul Fielding knows that already he is beginning to lose ground, but his voice is even more respectful and humble than at first—although the very nature of the man causes him to speak with a certain confidence and independence which is eminently offensive to the delicate ears of the friend of the working-man.

"Of course!" exclaims Mr. Million, triumphantly and disdainfully. "The old cry! I knew it. The old cry! I suppose you will say presently that there is not room for all, and that there are numbers of men who are in the same position as yourself—willing to work, unable to obtain it."

Saul Fielding makes no reply; words are rushing to his tongue, but he does not utter them. But Mr. Million insists upon being answered, and repeats what he has said in such a manner and tone that Saul can not escape.

"I think, Sir, that there are many men who are forced to be idle against their will; that seems to be a necessity in all countries where population increases so fast as ours does. But I don't complain of that."

"Oh!" cries Mr. Million, opening both his eyes very wide indeed. "You don't complain of that! You are one of those glib speakers, I have no doubt, who foment dissatisfaction among the working-classes, who tell them that they are downtrodden and oppressed, and that masters are fattening upon them! I should not be surprised to hear that you are a free-thinker."

"No, Sir, I am not that," urges Saul Fielding, exquisitely distressed at the unpromising turn the interview has taken; "nor indeed have I any thing to complain of myself. I am too crushed and broken down, as you may see."

"But if you were not so," persists Mr. Million, growing harder as Saul grows humbler, "if you were in regular work, and in receipt of regular wages, it would be different with you—eh? You would have something to complain of then, doubtless. You would say pretty loudly that the working-man is underpaid, and you would do your best to fan the flame of discontent kept up by a few grumblers and idlers. You would do this—eh? Come, come," he adds, haughtily, seeing that Saul Fielding does not wish to answer; "you are here upon a begging petition, you know. Don't you think it will be best to answer my questions?"

"What is it you wish me to answer, Sir?" asks Saul Fielding, sorrowfully.

"The question of wages. I want to ascertain whether you are one of those who think the working classes are underpaid."

Saul Fielding pauses for a moment; and in that brief time determines to be true to himself. "Jane would not have me do otherwise," he thinks.

"I think, Sir," he says, firmly and respectfully, "that the working classes—by which I mean all in the land who have to work with their hands for daily bread—do not receive, as things go, a fair equivalent for their work. Their wages are not sufficient. They seem to me to be framed upon a basis which makes the work of eking them out, so as to make both ends meet, a harder task than the toil by which they are earned. The working-man's discontent does not spring from his work; he does that cheerfully, almost always. It springs out of the fact that the results of his work are not sufficient for comfort, and certainly not sufficient to dispel the terrible anxiety which hangs over the future, when he is ill and unable to work, perhaps, or when he and his wife are too old for work."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaims Mr. Million. "You give him a wife!"

"Yes, Sir; his life would be a burden indeed without a woman's love."

Mr. Million stares loftily at Saul Fielding.

"And children, doubtless!"

"Happy he who has them! It is Nature's law; and no man can gainsay it." The theme possesses a fascination for Saul Fielding, and he continues, warmly, "I put aside, as distinctly outrageous, all that is said of the folly and wickedness of poor people marrying and having large families. This very fact, which theorists wax indignant over—theorists, mind you, who have wives and families themselves, and who, by their arguments, lay down the monstrous proposition that nature works in the blood according to the length of a man's purse—this very fact has made England strong; had it been otherwise, the nation would have been emasculated. Besides, you can't set natural feeling to the tune of theory; nor, when a man's individual happiness is concerned, can you induce him to believe in the truth of general propositions which, being carried out in his own person as one of the units, would make his very existence hateful to him."

Mr. Million opens his eyes even wider than before; such language from the lips of the ragged man before him is indeed astonishing.

"What more have you to say?" he gasps. "You will want property equally divided—"

"No, Sir, indeed," interrupts Saul Fielding, daring to feel indignant, even in the presence of so rich a man, at the suggestion. "The man who makes honestly for himself is entitled to possess and enjoy. I am no socialist."

"You would, at all events," pursues Mr. Million, "feed the working-man with a silver spoon? You would open the places of amusement for him on the Sabbath?"

"I would open some places and shut others."

"What places, now?"

"The museums, the public galleries. I would give him every chance—he has a right to it—to elevate himself during the only leisure he has."

"And in this way," demands Mr. Million, severely, "you would desecrate the Sabbath!"

For the life of him Saul Fielding can not help saying,

"A greater desecration than even that can be in your eyes takes place on the Sabbath, in places that are open in the name of the law."

"You refer to—"

"Public-houses. If they are allowed to be open, what reasonable argument can be brought against the opening of places the good influence of which is universally acknowledged? It is the withholding of these just privileges that causes much discontent and ill feeling."

This is quite enough for Mr. Million. This man, ragged, penniless, has the effrontery to tell the rich brewer to his face that he would have the public picture-galleries and museums of art opened on the Sabbath-day, and that he would shut the public-houses. Mr. Million can find no words to express his indignation. He can only say, stiffly and coldly,

"I have heard quite enough of your opinions, Sir. Come to the point of your visit. You see"—pointing to the papers scattered about the table—"that I am very busy."

"I came, Sir," he says, sadly, "in the hope that, seeing my distress, you would not have been disinclined to assist me—not with money, Sir," he adds, swiftly, in answer to an impatient look of dissent from Mr. Million, "but with your good word. But I am afraid that I have injured my cause by the expression of my opinions."

"In what way did you expect that I could aid you?" asks Mr. Million, carelessly, as he settles himself to his papers.

"I have been especially unfortunate in my career, Sir. As I told you, I am willing to work, but am unable to obtain it. If I could emigrate; if I could get into a new country, where labor is scarce, things might be better for me."

The poor man is helpless at the rich man's foot; and the rich man plays wtih him, as a cat with a mouse.

"Well," he says, "emigrate. The country would be well rid of such as you."

Saul Fielding takes no notice of the insult. He is not to be turned aside from his purpose, although he knows full well that he has missed his mark.

"I have no means, Sir; I am poor and helpless."

"How do you propose to effect your object, then?"

"There are Government emigrant ships which take men out, I have heard, for very little—for nothing almost. A line of recommendation from you would be sufficiently powerful, I thought, to obtain me a passage."

"Doubtless, doubtless," this with a smile; "but you are a man of some perception, and having observed how utterly I disagree with your opinions—which I consider abominable and mischievous to the last degree—you can hardly expect me to give you the recommendation you ask for. May I ask, as you are a perfect stranger to me, for I have no recollection of you in any way, to what I am indebted for the honor you have done me by choosing me to give you a good character?"

"You are a public man, Sir, and, I have heard, a friend to the working-man. And as you had helped a friend of mine to emigrate by giving him a free passage in a ship that sails this week—"

"Stop, stop, if you please. *I* help a friend of yours to emigrate by giving him a free passage! I think you are mistaken."

"If you say so, Sir, I must be. But this is what George Naldret gave me to understand."

"And pray who is George Naldret?" demands Mr. Million, haughtily; "and what are *his* reasons for emigrating?"

"George Naldret," returns Saul Fielding, in perplexity, "is almost the only friend I have in the world, and he is emigrating for the purpose of putting himself into a position to marry more quickly than his prospects here will allow him."

"As you are introducing me," says Mr. Million, with an air of supreme indifference, "to your friends, perhaps you would like also to introduce me to the young lady—for of course" (with a sneer) "she is a young lady—he desires to marry."

"Her name is Sparrow—Bessie Sparrow, granddaughter to an old grocer."

Mr. Million becomes suddenly interested, and pushes his papers aside, with an exclamation of anger.

"What name did you say?"

"Miss Bessie Sparrow."

The rich brewer ponders for a moment, evidently in no pleasant mood. Then suddenly rings a bell. A servant appears.

"Is my son in the house?"

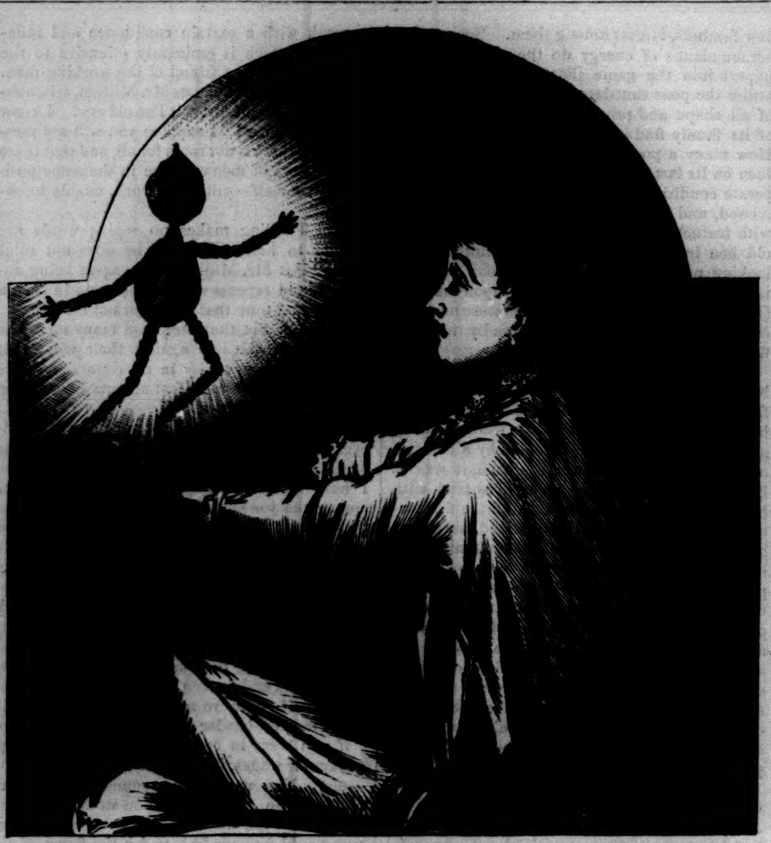
"Yes, Sir."

"Tell him to come to me instantly."

Saul Fielding waits gravely. Seemingly, he also has found new food for contemplation. Presently young Mr. Million appears.

"You sent for me, Sir."

"Yes, James. Do you know this person?"



TOTTIE'S DREAM.

with a slight wave of the hand in the direction of Saul Fielding, as toward a thing of no consequence. Saul Fielding knows that his mission has failed, but does not resent this contemptuous reference to him. He stands, humble and watchful, before father and son.

"I have seen him," says young Mr. Million, "and I should say he is not a desirable person in this house."

"My opinion exactly. Yet, influenced by some cock-and-a-bull story, he comes here soliciting my assistance to enable him to emigrate. The country would be well rid of him, I am sure; but of course it is out of my power to give such a person a good character to the emigration commissioners."

"Out of any body's power, I should say," assents young Mr. Million, gayly. "To what cock-and-a-bull story do you refer?"

"He tells me—which is news to me—that I have given a free passage ticket to a friend of his, George—George—what did you say?"

"George Naldret, Sir." Saul Fielding supplies the name in a manner perfectly respectful.

"Ay—George Naldret. Such a statement is in itself, of course, a falsehood. Even if I knew George Naldret, which I do not, and desired to assist him, which I do not, the fact of his being engaged to be married to any one of the name of Sparrow — a name which means disgrace in our firm, as you are aware—would be sufficient for me not to do so."

Young Mr. Million steals a look at Saul Fielding, whose face, however, is a mask; and in a hesitating voice says: "I think I can explain the matter; but it is not necessary for this person to remain. You do not know, perhaps, that he was the chief mover in a strike, a few years ago, which threatened to do much mischief."

"I am not surprised to hear it," says the rich brewer; "the opinions he has expressed have prepared me for some such statement concerning him. He would desecrate the Sabbath-day by opening museums and picture-galleries, and he would curtail the liberty of the subject by closing public-houses, and depriving the working-man of his beer! Monstrous! monstrous! He has nothing to say for himself, I suppose."

"No, Sir," answers Saul Fielding, raising his head, and looking steadily at young Mr. Million, "except that I believed in the truth of what I told you, and that I don't know whether I am sorry or glad that I made the application to you."

The rich brewer has already touched the bell, and the servant comes into the room.

"Show this person to the door," Mr. Million says, haughtily; "and if he comes again, send for a policeman. He is a dangerous character."

Saul Fielding's lips wreathe disdainfully, but he walks out of the room, and out of the house, without a word of remonstrance. This chance has slipped from him. Where next shall he turn? He walks slowly onward until he is clear of the rich brewer's house, and then stops, casting uncertain looks about him. As a sense of his utter helplessness comes upon him, a young woman brushes past him without seeing him. He looks up. Bessie Sparrow! She is walking quickly, and seems to see nothing, seems to wish to see nothing. Without any distinct purpose in his mind, but impelled by an uncontrollable, undefinable impulse, Saul Fielding turns and follows her. A gasp of pain escapes him as he sees her pause before Mr. Million's house. She rings the bell, and the door is opened. She hands the servant a letter, and the next moment she is in the house, shut from Saul Fielding's view. The terror that comes upon him is so great that the street and the sky swim before his eyes, and he clings to a lamp-post for support.

"Oh, George!" he groans. "Oh, my friend! How will you bear this? Good God! what bitterness there is in life even for those who have not fallen as I have done!"

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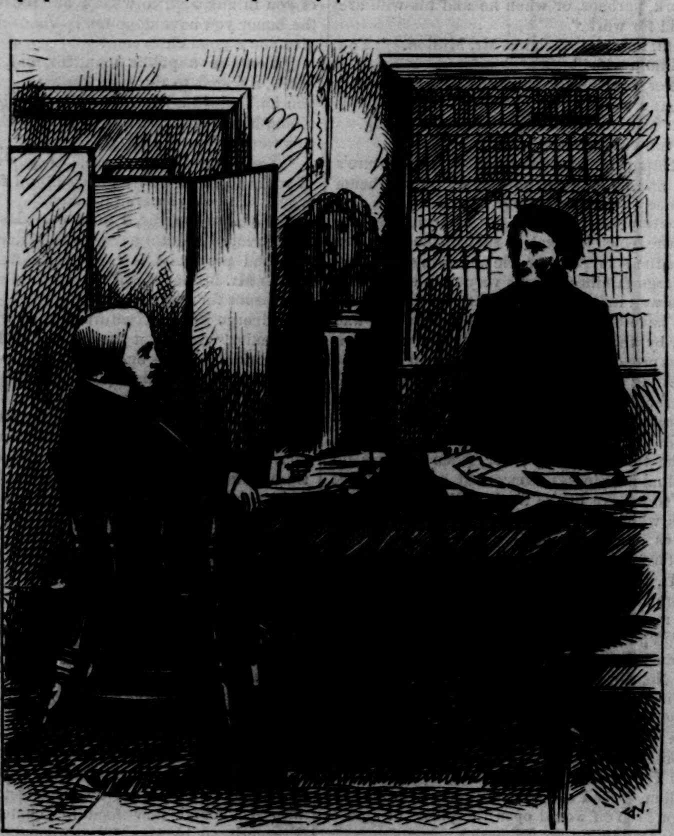
TOTTIE'S DREAM.

When Tottie was put to bed, it was no wonder that she was haunted by the sweet effigy of old Ben Sparrow, and that his stomach of candied lemon peel, and his head of rich figs and currants, presented themselves to her in the most tempting shapes and forms her warm imagination could devise. As she lay in bed, looking at the rush-light in the washhand-basin, the effigy appeared bit by bit in front of the basin until it was complete, and when it winked one of its currant eyes at her—as it actually did—the light of the candle threw a halo of glory over the form. Her eyes wandering to the mantel-shelf, she saw the effigy come out of the wall and stand in the middle of the shelf; and turning to the table, it rose from beneath it, and sat comfortably down, with its legs of cinnamon and raisins tucked under it like a tailor. When she closed her eyes she saw it loom in the centre of dilating rainbow circles, and in the centre of dark-colored disks, which as they swelled to larger proportions, assumed bright borderings of color, for the express purpose of setting off more vividly the attraction of the figure. Opening her eyes drowsily, she saw the old man come down the chimney and vanish in the grate, and as he disappeared, down the chimney he came again, and continued thus to repeat himself, as it were, as if he were a regiment under full marching orders. Whichever way, indeed, Tottie's eyes turned, she saw him, until the room was full of him and his sweetness, and with his multiplied image in her mind she fell asleep.

No wonder that she dreamed of him. Tottie and Bessie slept in the same room, and Tottie dreamed that long after she fell asleep—it must have been long after, for Bessie was in bed—she woke up suddenly. There she was, lying in bed, wide awake, in the middle of the night. The room was dark, and she could not see any thing, but she could hear Bessie's soft breathing. She was not frightened, as she usually was in the dark, for her attention was completely engrossed by one feeling. A frightful craving was upon her, which every moment grew stronger and stronger. This craving had something horrible in it, which, however, she did not quite realize. In the next room slept old Ben Sparrow, who, according to the fancy of her dream, was not made of blood and flesh and bone, but of lemon peel, fig, and currants and raisins. All the sweet things in the shop had been employed in the manufacture, and there they lay embodied in him.

Tottie knew nothing of theology; knew nothing of the value of her soul, which, without a moment's hesitation, she would have bartered for figs and candied lemon peel. And there the delicious things lay, in the very next room. If she could only get there!—perhaps he would not miss an arm or a leg. But to eat the old man who was so kind to her! She had a dim consciousness of the wickedness of the wish, but she could not rid herself of it. Thought Tottie, "He won't know, if he's asleep, and perhaps it won't hurt him. I know it would do me good." Her mouth watered, her eyes glistened, her fingers twitched to be at him, her stomach cried out to her. She could *not* withstand the temptation. Slowly and tremblingly she crept out of bed, and groped along the ground toward the door. Bessie was asleep. Every body was asleep. The house was very quiet. Every thing favored the accomplishment of the horrible deed. "Nobody will know," thought Tottie. Thoroughly engrossed in her desperate cannibalistic purpose, and with her teeth grating against each other, Tottie turned the handle of the door and opened it; but as she looked into the dark passage Ben Sparrow's door opened, and a sudden flood of light poured upon her. It so dazzled her, and terrified her, that she fled back to her bed on all fours, and scrambled upon it with a beating heart, and a face as white as a ghost's. Sitting there glaring at the door, which she had left partly open in her fright, she saw the light steal into the room, and, flying in the midst of it, old Ben Sparrow. He was not quite as large as life, but he was ever so many times more sweet and delicious-looking. As old Ben Sparrow appeared, the room became as light as day, and Tottie noticed how rich and luscious were the gigantic fig which formed his head, the candied lemon peel which formed his stomach, the raisins which clothed his legs and arms; and as for the ripeness of his dark, beady, fruity eyes, there was no form of thought that could truly express the temptation that lay in them. Ben Sparrow hovered in the air for a few moments, and then steadied himself, as it were: he stood bolt upright, and, treading upon nothing, advanced slowly and solemnly, putting out one leg carefully, and setting it down firmly upon nothing before he could make up his mind to move the other. In this manner he approached Tottie, and sat down on her bed. For a little while Tottie was too frightened to speak. She held her breath, and waited with closed lips for him to say something. But as grandfather did not move or speak, her courage gradually returned, and with it her craving for some of him. She became hungrier than the most unfortunate church-mouse that ever breathed; her rapacious longing could only be satisfied in one way. Timorously she reached out her hand toward his face; he did not stir. Toward his eyes; he did not wink. Her finger touched his eye; it did not quiver—and out it came, and was in her hand! Her heart throbbed with fearful ecstasy, as with averted head she put the terrible morsel in her mouth. It was delicious. She chewed it and swallowed it with infinite relish, and, when it was gone, thirsted for its fellow. She looked timidly at the old man. There was a queer expression in his fig face, which the loss of one of his eyes had doubtless imparted to it. "It doesn't seem to hurt him," thought Tottie. Her eager fingers were soon close to the remaining eye, and out that came, and was disposed of in like manner. Tottie certainly never knew how good Ben Sparrow was until the present time. She had always loved him, but never so much as now. The eyeless face had a mournful expression upon it, and seemed to say, sadly, "Hadn't you better take me next?" Tottie clutched it desperately. It wagged at her, and from its mace lips a murmur seemed to issue, "Oh, Tottie! Tottie! To serve me like this!" But Tottie was ravenous. No fear of consequences could



"NOT ABLE TO GET WORK, EH?"

"SHE GROPED ALONG THE GROUND TOWARD THE DOOR."

stop her, now that she had tasted him and found how sweet he was. She shut her eyes nevertheless, as, in the execution of her murderous purpose, she tugged at his head, which, when she had torn from his body, she ate bit by bit with a rare and fearful enjoyment. When she looked again at the headless figure of the old man, one of the legs moved briskly and held itself out to her, with an air of "Me next!" in the action. But Tottie, hungering for the lemon-peel stomach, disregarded the invitation. It was difficult to get the stomach off, it was so tightly fixed to its legs. When she succeeded the arms came with it, and she broke them off short at the shoulder-blade, and thought she heard a groan as she performed the cruel operation. But her heart was hardened, and she continued her feast without remorse. How delicious it was! She was a long time disposing of it, for it was very large, but at length it was all eaten, and not a piece of candied sugar was left. As she sucked her fingers with the delight of a savage, a sense of the wickedness of what she had done came upon her. Her grandfather, who had always been so kind to her! She began to tremble and to cry. But the arms and legs remained. They *must* be eaten. Something dreadful would be done to her if they were discovered in her bed; so with feverish haste she devoured the limbs. And now not a trace of the old man remained. She had devoured him from head to foot. She would never see him again—never, never! How dreadful the table looked, with him *not* on it! How Tottie wished she hadn't done it! She was appalled at the contemplation of her guilt, and by the thought of how she would be punished if she were found out. In the midst of these fears the light in the room vanished, and oblivion fell upon Tottie in the darkness that followed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Continued from No. 832, page 956.)

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER V.

INSTABILITY.

I NEED not dwell in detail on the incidents of the next week at Broomfield; a record of my life from day to day is not to the purport of my story. I settled down. In a week I understood my position, and the characters by which I was surrounded were no longer strange to me. Abel Westmair, after that week, was not the ogre of my existence, whose evil influence had shadowed the Kirbys; he improved upon acquaintance, and if I did not like him in any great degree, and felt that he made me angry very often, I realized the fact that it was far from difficult to respect him.

He was an odd, grave, precise man in his every-day moods, and an irritable being if any thing to which he objected crossed their even tenor; firm and unyielding when he considered himself in the right—and he very seldom had the idea that he was in the wrong—a man whom it was not possible to make out; whom I did not understand till long, long after the period of which I write; and yet a character possessing salient points of interest. The week had not expired before I ascertained that he was a truthful man, and that he looked for truth in others as one of the first qualifications for his service. His horror at any thing false was an idiosyncrasy that affected him; he seemed a man waiting for duplicity, and prepared to pounce upon it and shake the life from it, when necessary. He was particular about the plain unvarnished statements of his servants, who feared him and obeyed him, and made no effort to deceive him—to his face. Behind his back they lied like other folk, but they preferred confessing their shortcomings before him to making excuses for them. Experience had told them that he would forgive the first, and that the last always put him into a passion; and it was rumored at Broomfield that Abel Westmair in a passion was a sight that no one who had offended him would care to witness twice.

He was a man who did not make friends—there are some clever fellows who never do. No one at Broomfield liked Abel Westmair, save his daughter, and the love between them, although it was natural enough, was strengthened by the tenderness, and by that almost womanly sympathy with her wishes, which this strange man evinced. To Ettie he was a different being to the rest of the world; what was foreign to his tastes or wishes he would even disguise for her sake; and this sacrifice of inclination rendered him incongruous, even eccentric. He was an anomaly as regarded Etta—to the world about her and himself, he was Abel Westmair. His own father was afraid of him; the old gentleman watched him furtively as a dog might do that was uncertain of its master's moods, and evidently breathed freer when business had taken Abel from the house. He was proud of his son, and fond of singing to his praises, and of telling the general community that there never was such a son as he was blessed with; but the nervous alacrity with which he hurried away from the presence of his blessing, when Abel's dark eyebrows lowered a trifle more than usual over his eyes, was sufficient evidence that there were occasions when he was very glad to be quit of his company. Mrs. Jane Westmair deferred to Abel, asked his advice concerning every thing, seldom attempted to express a will of her own in his presence, flattered him once or twice a day in an injudicious manner that generally put him out of temper; but she did not like him—on the contrary, she disliked him, unless my judgment in those early days was incorrect. As for his nephew Martin, he certainly took a pleasure—not a malicious, but a good-tempered if aggravating pleasure—in disturbing his young uncle's serenity of disposition whenever the opportunity presented itself. He had opinions of his own upon most matters, and was fearless in expressing them when they clashed with those of Abel. There were times when his watchful mother—anxious about the partnership, always having it on her mind, and growing bilious by reflecting on it—would go through quite a series of telegraphic actions in order to induce Martin to moderate the force of his expressions, upon which occasions Martin always grew more disputatious, and so put his mother out of temper also.

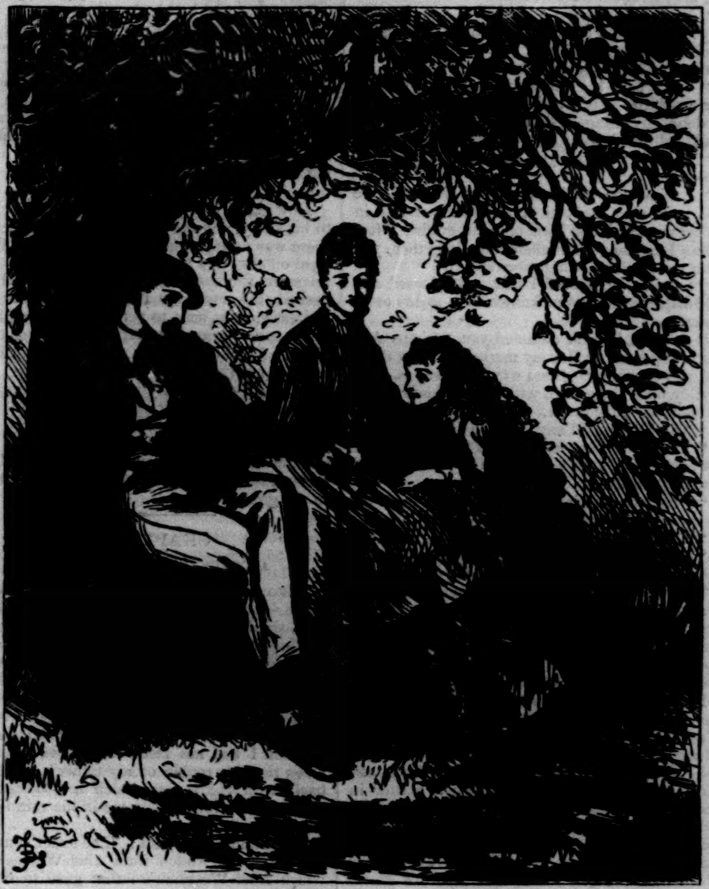
"You're the most foolish, the most indiscreet young man I ever knew in my life," cried his mother, after one of these little exhibitions, which had wound up by Abel retiring to his study, and certainly slamming the door after him with unnecessary vigor; "why can't you let him have his own way?"

"Because he wants too much of it," said Martin, laughing, "and I can't sit and hear all his nonsense with a bung in my throat."

"If you were not so thoughtless; if you only had more tact!"

"Oh! I can't toady old Abe," cried the son, restlessly.

"I don't ask you to toady him, Martin," said his aggrieved mother, "but there is no necessity to aggravate him."


"ETTIE HAD A HUNDRED QUESTIONS TO ASK HIM."

"He has no business to be aggravated—I don't fly into a passion when he contradicts me," was the reply.

"He'll not be able to bear you in the house much longer," whimpered his mother.

"He wants me gone now, and between ourselves, and taking Miss Kirby into our confidence," he added, dropping his voice, and his eyes twinkling with humor at me, "I am stopping because he wants me to go."

"Oh! good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Westmair, "don't tell Miss Kirby any such nonsense."

"Miss Kirby is a friend to be trusted," he said, as he strolled into the garden.

"If he were only more stable—less disregardful of his splendid prospects!" said Mrs. Westmair, looking after him. "You will not say any thing of this again?" she added, as though she doubted me.

I was disposed to reply that it was not a habit of mine to repeat the idle conversations of the hour, but I simply moved my head in acquiescence; I had learned the art of self-repression already, and I was trying hard to like Aunt Jane, and failing miserably. Ettie had hinted that that would be only a question of time—a long time, after Aunt Jane was dead and some one had written her biography, I was disposed to think.

This topic began my second week at Broomfield. It was resumed in the garden, at a later hour, when Ettie and I were at our lessons, under the shade of a great mulberry-tree—a favorite place of Ettie's in the summer afternoons. There was a circular seat round the trunk of the tree. "My dear mamma had that made," Ettie had said once to me, with the tears swimming in her eyes. Poor Ettie, self-willed like her father, wayward like herself, but always lovable, what a hold she had already taken of my heart! In one week she had become a tie to me—I seemed, in the new world into which I had been thrust, to be waiting for some one to love, and I had found it in this child. Her affection for me, her love for the grave dark man whom no one else loved, her confidence in him, that which seemed her fleeting hold of life, and which added to my own deep interest and strengthened it, all drew me to my pupil.

It was Martin Westmair who resumed the topic to which I have just adverted. We had seen him crossing the lawn and making for the deeper recesses of the garden, from our post of vantage.

"Here's Cousin Martin coming," said Ettie; "now we shall have no more of these tiresome books. I like Martin—do you, Faith?"

"He appears to be a very good-tempered, pleasant gentleman," I said, with a fair amount of maidenly reserve.

"My papa says," she added, in a low tone, "that he's too easy, and that he thinks too little. Martin is very fond of me, I know, but I often wonder whether he will ever think of me *afterward*. I don't suppose he will," she added, thoughtfully.

Before I could reply, Martin Westmair was standing before us.

"'How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,'"

he began. "Am I interrupting the studies? if so, command me to vanish, Miss Kirby."

"No, don't go," cried little Ettie for me; "tell me and Miss Faith one of your wonderful stories."

"What wonderful stories?"

"Oh! about fairies, or giants, or dwarfs—you used to know so many, Martin."

"Yes; but your papa said I was filling your head with rubbish—that they were horrible legends, and frightened you," he said. "No, Ettie; go on with your lessons, and leave me to think. I shall not disturb you—improve your mind, child—idleness is the root of all evil. Amen."

He dropped on the circular seat, tilted a straw hat over his eyes, folded his arms, crossed his legs, and composed himself. He might have had the rudeness to sleep even, had not Ettie had a hundred questions to ask him, and a hundred quaint replies to extract from him in return. He resisted at last.

"Are you aware, young lady, that I came to this peaceful rest for a long and deep fit of meditation, and that—throwing aside all attempts at compliment—I find it impossible to settle to it while you talk so much?" he said.

"Tell me what is on your mind, coz, and I'll be so dreadfully quiet that you shall not hear a pin drop."

"Honor?"

"Honor."

"Very good; it's a compact," he replied; "Miss Kirby is witness to our agreement. I wish to take into solemn consideration what Mrs. Rouser has got for supper."

Ettie gave a scream of laughter and clapped her hands.

"You big silly goose! who's Mrs. Rouser? what do you mean?"

"Mrs. Rouser, my child," he said, gravely, "is the estimable landlady of No. 367 Cecil Street, Strand, where I have the honor to rent a parlor floor on the easy terms of thirty shillings a week, with attendance—boots paid for extra, and cleaned in the area by a snuffy old man who comes at six A.M., and is subject to fits over the boots."

"But what has Mrs. Rouser's supper to do with— Do you mean," said Ettie, suddenly, "that you are thinking of going back to town this evening?"

"Well, Miss Sharpshooter, that is exactly what I mean."

"In earnest?" said Ettie, looking round the tree at him.

"In sober, serious earnest."

"But—"

"Haven't you had enough of me, Ettie?" he said, lightly; "haven't I fully recovered that health and strength which your good father was kind enough to prophesy would fall to my share here, when he fancied that I was out of sorts some weeks ago? haven't I tired every body out, as I do tire every body out? and will not my mamma and your papa, and Grandfather Westmair, and Miss Kirby, and your own amiable little self all dance 'Here we go round the mulberry-bush'—this mulberry-bush—as I walk out of the front-door?"

Ettie laughed; he spoke with great levity, and laughed himself at his own feeble jesting, but I thought that there was a touch of bitterness beneath his words. All fancy, perhaps; I was a young woman full of fancies, my sister Katie used to tell me.

"No, we shall not," said Ettie; "and you are not going away yet—there!"

"I shall depart by the next train," he said, more decisively.

"Oh no! you can't mean that," cried Ettie; "I can't afford to lose my big playfellow like this; I don't want you to leave us; every body likes you here; I'll run and tell papa."

"No, don't do that," cried Martin, more anxiously; but Ettie was already flying along the garden path, and across the lawn toward her father's study.

"That's a dreadful child, Miss Kirby," he exclaimed; "I am afraid that you have your hands full."

"Impulsive, perhaps, but a child to love."

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully; "I wonder how old Abe will bear up against the loss of her. He's a cast-iron fellow, but it will be like taking his heart out, or taking his money."

"Is he fond of money, then?" I ventured to inquire.

"I think so," he replied, "and I think—"

He caught my inquiring gaze, and added, in the same tone,

"That Mrs. Rouser has chops for supper. She's awfully fond of chops; lives on them, in fact."

I looked away, and re-opened the book which Ettie had been reading with me. His airy vein vexed me more than I cared to confess, or had any right to show. He was silent for a few minutes; then he said,

"Miss Kirby, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Would you stop in this place if its owner wished you any where else?"

"No," I replied.

"I do—like a fool," he answered; "I put up with Abel Westmair's airs of superiority, I see my mother's clumsy scheming for my advancement by means which lower me and her, and—here I am still."

"May I ask you a question, in return?"

"Fifty thousand, if you will," he replied; "I could spend my life here, under this old tree, in answering them."

I did not admire his response. It was a compliment that vexed me more than his last remark, but I went on quietly, although conscious that I was blushing in spite of me.

"Would Mr. Westmair have asked you to Broomfield if he had not wished you to come?" I said.

"He wished me to come, but having got me here, he did not wish me to stay."

"How do you know that?"

"Miss Kirby," he said, with more energy, "you have seen his manner, and know that it is not a pleasant one. I have tired him out, and the greatest favor that I can bestow upon him is to take myself off. He never liked me—and I don't suppose that I care a great deal about him."

"How do you know that he dislikes you?"

"He lectures me on stability of purpose—on method—on habits of business—punctuality—and the polish he sells. I do nothing right, and he's so damnably wise!—Oh! a thousand pardons," he cried, "I had forgotten my listener in the heat of explanation."

"I wonder that you ever came."

"I wonder that he ever asked me! I was infernally queer, though—upset by a great blow—a floorer," he said, half mournfully.

Although I was curious, I did not ask him what was the nature of his "floorer;" and after studying the pattern of his boots attentively, he said,

"And it is not my poor pitiful spirit that leads me to stay; I have one of the most extraordinary reasons for remaining that ever a man had."

"You have told me already—because your uncle wishes you to go."

He laughed.

"Hardly," he answered.

Abel Westmair and his daughter, hand in hand, came along the garden toward us.

"As if they could not have kept away!" he muttered; then he turned suddenly to me, and said, in a quick under-tone,

"If I dared to tell you, Miss Kirby, on the strength of our early acquaintance, why I linger here!"

I drew my breath in quick surprise; I was not prepared for the eager look in his eyes which met my own; I was not disposed to believe in what it seemed to suggest—I would not have believed it then for all the world. My heart beat quick and fast—I was certain that I was angry with him—and then quite certain that I had misunderstood him. I answered in a sharp tone that astonished myself.

“No, Mr. Westmair, don't take me into your confidence, please,” I cried; “I hate secrets.”

“Very well,” he responded, in a hoarse voice; “these are early days to make a friend of me. I am not worth trusting—*he* will tell you as much as that, if you ever ask him.”

He meant the man who was close upon him, who came and stood before him and looked at him very steadily.

“Martin,” Abel Westmair said, “Ettie tells me that you talk of leaving us to-night.”

“Yes, Ettie is quite right,” he replied, almost defiantly.

“I am sorry that you quit us thus hastily—that you have not told me or your mother of your intentions,” said Abel.

“I have a bad habit of making up my mind in a hurry. I shall grow out of it,” he said, dryly.

“Ettie will be sorry if you run away in this unceremonious fashion.”

“Never mind, child,” he said, addressing his cousin, “I will buy you a new doll next week.”

“I don't want a new doll,” cried Ettie, petulantly; “how can you say—”

She stopped: I saw the long fingers of her father close in a warning fashion on her hand.

“I hope that you have not taken offense at any remark that may have escaped me, Martin,” said Abel.

“I thank my stars that I am not easily offended,” replied Martin, with a laugh a little forced.

“I speak out plainly; it is a fault of mine, and there are times when I think that if I could break myself of it I would,” continued his uncle. “If I have in any way hurt your feelings, Martin, I ask your pardon—it was unintentional.”

“My dear Abe,” cried Martin, touched by this apology, and shaking very heartily the hand extended to him, “I haven't any feelings; don't ask my pardon. I have said harder things than you have ever said to me.”

“I should like you to stay another week with us,” said Abel Westmair, by way of a reply.

Martin coughed, took off his hat, put it on again, stood up, and looked hard at me. I knew that he was surveying me very intently, though my eyes were fixed upon my book.

“I fancy that I have stopped too long already,” he said, “and that I am troubling you unnecessarily, Abe.”

“You are no trouble to me,” said Abel Westmair.

He could not honestly say that he was any pleasure to him, so he did not say it.

“Then I'll stay, if it's only to tease Ettie.”

Ettie ran to him and kissed him; and, looking up, I saw his eyes regarding me still very wistfully over the shoulder of the child he had caught up in his arms. I was embarrassed, and turned away quickly. How he had taken to staring, to be sure!

I hardly knew whether I was glad or sorry that Martin Westmair was going to stop, although I felt sure the house would be very dull without him. I did not admire his instability, but there was something to admire in the readiness with which he gave way to other folks' wishes. And Abel Westmair was certainly at his best apologizing to his nephew. Every body was improving wonderfully upon a closer acquaintance.

CHAPTER VI.

LESS LIGHT.

THE next week of my stay at Broomfield—the last week of Martin Westmair's visit—was certainly the happiest *to begin with* that I had spent in my new home. There was more pleasure, because there was more effort to please—and Martin Westmair was the life and soul of our little community. He took pains to make himself agreeable; he did not attempt to argue with his uncle; his flow of spirits was so remarkable, that I wondered more than ever what his “floorer” had been, to render change of air and scene even a necessity in the eyes of Abel Westmair. Martin was a man with a keen perception of humor, and having made himself at home in his uncle's house, he allowed his faculties full play. We were all sure that he would be missed at Broomfield when he got back to Watling Street, and to his lodgings and his chops in Cecil Street, Strand—and I had a suspicion that he would miss all of us. He seemed a man fitted for home society—for any thing but dusty London lodgings, and my first surprise was toward the end of the week, when his mother began to think that it was time he returned to business.

“I shall stay the week out,” he said; “it's all settled.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Westmair; “but I hope Abel will not think that you are idling your time away.”

“He particularly wishes me to stop.”

“A mere compliment. What do you think, Miss Kirby?”

I objected to being drawn into the discussion; more, I was struck by a very sharp expression on the countenance of Mrs. Westmair, and I felt that she was suspicious of me. Suspicious of what? I wondered—of my setting my cap at her son, and of her son's reason for remaining; of the secret designs against him, and of the ambitions that I might be fostering in the depths of my own black heart?

I was annoyed; and I said, possibly too curtly, that I had not considered the matter very deeply. After which remark I went away with my pupil, and Aunt Jane did not love me any longer.

This was the first cloud in the sunshine of my content in those days. The second came next morning.

It was Katie's letter which took the light away.

In a few hastily written lines she dashed off to me the startling information that she was on the eve of marrying Mr. Pounce, and that they would in a few weeks start on their honey-moon—in what direction or fashion she did not take any pains to inform me. There was a faint effort at apology for keeping me in the dark concerning her intentions; she was alone in the world, and, after all, she argued, Mr. Pounce—she did not call him Tommy now—was a man passionately attached to her, and would protect her through life. She would see me soon—she would write to me presently, when she was more settled. She had left Long Acre. She knew that I should object to the engagement, and so had kept the matter secret, “to save bother;” she bade God bless me, and she was ever my faithful sister, Katie. There was a postscript which asked as a favor that I should keep her marriage a secret from the Westmairs—they were nothing to her, and there would be more to explain than was necessary, if there were any curious folk at Broomfield.

There *were* curious folk at Broomfield, and I kept my sister's story from them. My family troubles were nothing to them, and I had no confidante in my new home. Katie was about to marry a man whom I disliked, and I did not believe that she cared for him. I could not understand why she should become his wife, and speculating upon it all rendered me dull and thoughtful, and cost me many tears when I was locked in with my sorrow in my own room. I must confess that I was a bad adept at disguise, for the change in me was commented upon by more than one at Broomfield. Martin Westmair was very inquisitive and watchful; his manner perplexed me, his frankness embarrassed me.

“Miss Kirby, have I offended you in any way?” he blurted out on the second evening after the news had reached me.

I answered in the negative.

“You are not the same to me exactly,” he said, in a troubled voice, “and if I have said any thing or done any thing to displease you, I wish you would tell me.”

“I assure you that you have not,” I hastened to say.

“I think you would speak out if I had,” he said, regarding me with a wistful expression in his eyes which I took great pains to evade; “for, unless I mistake your character altogether, you are a genuine and straightforward girl.”

“I hope that I am,” I said, half pleased and half displeased, Heaven knows why, at his compliment.

“And if I haven't offended you, perhaps Abe has, or—mother. Has my mother said any thing that you object to? Good woman as she is, she's terribly odd,” he added, with an emphasis which he could not tone down.

“No one has said any thing to displease me.”

“Then you have received bad news?”

Could I call Katie's approaching marriage bad news? Hardly.

“I have had news that has rendered me a little thoughtful—that's all.”

“Then—”

“Don't ask any more questions, please,” I said, rising, and hurrying away from him.

This was in the drawing-room again, with the French windows open, and the evening air stealing in and cooling us, and the moths warming themselves at the gas-burners, and getting too close, after the moth-like fashion of their giddy lives and dreadful deaths.

I wished that I had remained where I was, for there was no one to escape to but Grandfather Westmair, I discovered, when it was too late to retrace my steps without appearing as eccentric as he was. Aunt Jane had fixed Abel Westmair, and was discoursing volubly upon a matter in which even he appeared to take a certain degree of interest, judging by his looks. Ettie was absent, and only the old gentleman was off duty. He came and sat by my side, with an alacrity which was strangely at variance with his efforts of the last few days to evade me. Martin Westmair took a book from the table, opened it, and looked at us both over the leaves in a manner that displeased me. It was remarkable how often that indolent, easy, good-tempered young fellow disturbed the natural equanimity of my disposition.

“You're not looking yourself, young lady,” old Mr. Westmair began; “you're fretting about it all; I have been watching you for the last three days.”

“Fretting about—what?” I answered, slowly.

“About your father in Holloway Prison,” he said, in a low whisper. “Didn't I tell you to leave it to me—to trust in me?”

“Yes.”

I did not inform him that it was Katie's engagement, and not my father's incarceration, that had rendered me thoughtful of late days; the old man was always strange, and his interest in me and my father had struck me already as peculiar. If there were no mystery after all, and as I struggled hard to believe—if I felt that I could trust Abel Westmair, and that in the ramblings of his father there were only the indications of that weakness of mind which was apparent to all with whom the old man conversed—still, at times, a something would return to me that was very like suspicion.

“I have been plotting and planning ever since, and, cool as I may have seemed to be,” he went on, hurriedly—“don't look surprised, Abe's eyes are all over the place—he's devilish sharp when you would think he's only devilish dull. Has it ever struck you,” he added, in a sepulchral whisper, that, with the subject further removed from my own heart, would have made me laugh, “that a few pounds spent in judiciously bribing the warders, and in the purchase of scaling-ladders, might effect an alteration in your father's position?”

“No—that idea has never struck me,” I replied, coldly.

“I had one good notion about that; but it made my head ache dreadfully,” he whimpered, “and I can not afford, at my age, to get into any fresh trouble. I would do a great deal to help poor Jonathan Kirby, though. Put your hand behind you, my child, so that that stupid fellow Martin, who's glaring this way—I see him!—sha'n't suspect us.”

I did so mechanically, and wished that I had not, when I felt a paper slipped within it, and my hand squeezed warmly.

“God bless you, my poor girl! do what you can to help your father in any way, and don't say that I gave it to you,” he said, with great excitement, evidencing itself very plainly to all who cared to look in our direction. “Tell Abel presently that you can make good the loss he has sustained, and that if he would say— Martin, you'll oblige us with a song,” he cried, “instead of holding that book upside down. Abel, don't you think that you could listen to one of Martin's songs this evening, for a minute or two?”

It was a wild dash of the old man's into general conversation, that imposed upon no one. His son and grandson had been attracted by his confidential manner toward me, and he had seen it, and attempted a diversion. He had risen to address them, and I sat on the sofa feeling hot, and guilty, and cross, with the paper clinched in my right hand, and with a host of conflicting thoughts bewildering me, and giving me noises in my ears. Martin Westmair sang, and Abel Westmair and the rest of us listened, or attempted to listen, to his rendering of *The Stirrup Cup;* and Aunt Jane fluttered her fan, and sat very grave and still—suspiciously grave and still for a woman of her nervous temperament—and no one noticed me, or appeared to think that any thing out of the common way had occurred.

That evening seemed to drag on slowly to its close; I was anxious to be in my own room, to read the paper which had been stealthily given me, and to act upon its contents in some way which should prove to Abel Westmair that I was not a spy in his house, as he might have suspected from my singular conduct of that evening. I had been betrayed into an indiscretion in accepting the paper, which it was now too late to return.

How glad I was when Abel Westmair had gone to his study, and the old man had departed, and there was no legitimate reason why I should not steal off also, and leave mother and son to themselves in the drawing-room! Not that the son desired that result, but I did. I wished to get to bed early, or at least to get to my room and think late; society was oppressive, and I longed to be alone. I had been almost miserable about Katie's coming marriage, and now Grandfather Westmair's new eccentricity rendered me completely so, although for what reason it was difficult to say. For surely I had become suddenly a rich woman, when, in opening the long narrow envelope that had been passed to me by the old man, a check for eight hundred pounds fluttered from it to the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHECK FOR EIGHT HUNDRED.

I WONDER whether two troubles are like two heads—better than one; two respectable and good-sized troubles of about the same degree of ponderosity. I should have brooded more—ay, and fretted more—over my Katie's engagement, seen more uncertainty in her future, more distress, unavailing regret, inevitable misery, had there been only that and her want of confidence in me to grieve over. I was scarcely used to that trouble, and I had not faced it in its completeness, when the old trouble of my father's crime came back, with the money which a good-tempered madman had thrust upon me in his vain hope of being of assistance.

Eight hundred pounds! The exact sum which my father had stolen from Abel Westmair, and which Abel Westmair's father gave to me; the sum which he wished me to cash at the banker's, and then pay to Abel, by way of restitution, if I thought fit. It was generous—it was kind; but it was an insane act in which I could not take part, and of which I must apprise the son. Something Abel Westmair might have seen, something he might have heard, to prejudice me in his estimation. I had promised to let this terrible matter drop; and what would he think if a third person were to forestall me, or if, in cross-questioning his father, the truth should escape before I could explain it for myself?

Eight hundred pounds! I could not return it to old Westmair, and beg him to think no more of the matter or of me—that would lead to fresh communications, and to the semblance of confidence and mystery from which I had determined to escape. I would see Abel Westmair before he left his study that evening; I would go to him while my nerves were strong. I could not take eight hundred pounds as a present from his father, or as conscience-money, if my father were innocent, and there had been a plot against his liberty. Ah! that foolish thought again, crossing the common-sense track of my life.

I went down stairs and along the corridor, toward Abel Westmair's study. I did not proceed by the garden way, lest Martin and his mother should be still conversing in the drawing-room, and they should marvel at my restlessness and perhaps pursue me with inquiries. Had I done so, I should have heard a great deal about myself that would have made my blood tingle in my veins; as it was, Aunt Jane was talking in a high key that did not wholly escape me, though I put my fingers to my ears and ran past, an act of self-denial that I am inclined to think was creditable in a woman who could have heard a great deal had she chosen.

Certainly Aunt Jane was not singing to my praise and glory; but I was glad to pass the door for all that. If this were the one enemy whom I was to meet at Broomfield, let her attack me as she pleased; I had no battle to fight with her, and her opinion of me did not trouble me a great deal.

“Miss Kirby is a very sly girl; I don't believe in that mincing meekness of hers a bit,” I heard Mrs. Westmair say.

“Hush!” cried Martin; “consider where we are, and how wrong you are.”

“Wrong!” said his mother's voice, a note and a half higher; “as if you knew, or were not ready to—”

And then I got out of hearing, and was standing on the big mat outside the door of Abel Westmair's study, trembling a little, as a coward might do who had run away from danger. Shall I own—one does not like to own that she is *not* quite a heroine in an autobiography—that the idea did suggest itself to me that if I went back on tiptoe to the drawing-room door, it might be policy on my part, and put me on guard for the future? “Mincing meekness” was a spiteful phrase which made me warm to reflect upon, and I even felt disposed to become a little cat-like myself, although I had two troubles to cope with already. But I grew very proud, or independent, or indifferent, and, after shrugging my shoulders *à la Francaise,* I tapped at the study door.

There was no response, and I knocked again—once again without meeting with an answer. Repeating my summons for the third time with the same result, I ventured to turn the handle of the door and peep into the room, drawing back very quickly upon discovering that he was seated before his desk as usual, but in an attitude that was strange for the firm hard man that he had ever striven to be. It was a forlorn attitude, that might betoken heavy slumber possibly, but which only suggested to me a deep despair. There was not sleep in the two hands clasped together rigidly upon the desk, or in the head which was bowed down upon the hands, as in great agony of grief.

No, it was not sleep; he looked up quickly as the door opened, and glared at me as at a ghost which had risen up before him.

“What is it—who is it—*you?*” he said, in a husky voice.

“Yes, it is I, Mr. Westmair. May I come in for a moment?”

“If you wish. I am not busy,” he said. “What is the matter?”

He rose and placed a chair for me on the other side of the library table, and then sat down in the place he had quitted, the same precise, hard kind of individual whom I had ever known. There was a watchfulness in his eyes which strove to divine the nature of my errand before I had had time to communicate it to him, and his thin hands collected his scattered papers together as he waited. An excuse fell from his lips for the position in which I had discovered him even, but he killed that as soon as it had escaped him.

“I must have been almost asleep when you came in—no, I was not asleep. That is not true,” he added, more firmly.

“I will not detain you a moment, Mr. Westmair,” I hastened to say, “but something has occurred which—”

“Ettie?” he ejaculated, quickly.

“No, no; it concerns me, and you, if you please,” I said, timidly, “and I could not sleep without telling you all. Your father gave me a note this evening.”

“I know it,” said Abel Westmair.

“You know this?” I repeated, in my surprise.

“Mrs. Westmair was good enough to inform me of the fact,” he said, dryly. “She is a very observant woman, whom nothing escapes.”

“Has she said that—”

“She has not said any thing, because I would not hear any thing,” replied Abel Westmair, a little peevishly. “I was busy; it is no one's custom to trouble me with miserable little details in this room.”

“I hope that I am not troubling you, but this is a matter of importance.”

“I said that if it were of any importance you would explain for yourself in due course, and,” he added, as he regarded me attentively, “you have come.”

“You said that I should explain, to Mrs. Westmair?” I cried.

He appeared somewhat annoyed that I had elicited this fact from him, and, in lieu of replying, regarded me closely, with his dark eyes open to their fullest extent.

“Your father was strange in his manner to-night—” I began, when he interrupted me.

“He is always strange in his manner. You must not mind him.”

“He spoke of the old story of my father's imprisonment. It appears to have affected his mind.”

“It was not wise of you to tell him, in the first instance—it was most—” he said, irritably; “but there, there! we have done with this question, Miss Kirby, and are not going to renew it or to quarrel over it again.”

“Your father gave me this, which you will allow me to return to you, rather than to him.”

I laid the check on his desk, and he took it up and regarded it with a certain amount of surprise, but with less astonishment than I was prepared to discover on his face. His coolness aggravated me even, for he said, with the check in his hands,

“Can you really afford to part with such a handsome present as this?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Thinking that you do not deserve it?”

“Yes.”

“Thinking that if your father has been badly treated, you could not accept money as a recompense from those who have injured him; and that if he merits his punishment, there is a greater indignity still in taking money from the hands of those whom he robbed without compunction?”

“Yes,” I murmured, for the third time. He had put my thoughts into words which were—

painfully clear and incisive, and which I rebelled against in part, but I did not argue with him upon his choice of diction.

"Thank you, Miss Kirby," he said, tearing the draft into very small pieces, which he let drop into his waste-basket; "I am obliged to you for treating me with confidence. As a rule, no one places confidence in me, and I am not sorry that you have. I thought you would."

He held his right hand toward me, and I placed mine within it. There was a sorrowful look upon his face as he regarded me, and I felt myself shrinking from his gaze in a very unaccountable way.

"This has been quite a sensation evening, full of strange communications and marked by strange adventures," he said, releasing my hand; "and your coming to me is not the least remarkable, even though I expected you—almost. You trust me a little, then?"

"Yes—I think—I do," I said, hesitatingly.

He almost smiled at my reply; I could see the corners of his mouth twitching a little, as they would at times at his nephew's jesting, when it was not directed against himself.

"In time, some years hence, you will possibly trust me a little more," he said. "I don't mean with eight hundred pounds, although that is an unselfish action, and you are not aware that my father gave up keeping a banking account long ago, and has not fifty pounds to call his own."

"A trick, then," I exclaimed, indignantly, "to try me!"

"No; a check given to you in sober earnest, poor fellow, and believing that he is still a business man," said Abel. "I must find his old check-book, before he confuses matters a little by issuing bogus drafts on a bank he has relinquished."

"I did not know—"

"Of course you did not," said Abel, quickly: "how could you, child?"

I had risen to go, when he said, calmly,

"Sit down again, Miss Kirby. I have something more to say."

I did so. I seemed to have but little will of my own to oppose to that strong mind, though there was always a secret wish to aggravate him, which was truly feminine.

"You think you trust me a little," he said, with his old fixed gaze in my direction, "and I know now—what I guessed at before—that I can trust you a great deal. The Westmairs have all their lives been fond of experiments; it was the experiment of making polish that resulted in our fortunes. Now, I would try an experiment of your confidence in me."

He dipped a pen in the ink and handed it to me, along with a sheet of foolscap paper upon which several lines were closely written, and which he covered with his blotting-pad very carefully.

"Will you oblige me by signing that paper, Miss Kirby?" he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YESTERDAY—TO-DAY.

BUT yesterday, it seems to me,
The skies were blue, and fair to see,
And birds sang sweet on every tree.

To-day the skies have lost their blue,
The earth seems cold, and dreary too,
And bleak winds chill me through and through.

But yesterday I sang a song
Of gladness as I passed along;
My heart was young, my step was strong.

To-day I've tried, but can not sing—
Joy from my heart hath taken wing.
Ah me! I would that it were spring!

(Continued from No. 831, Page 935.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the First.

CHAPTER III.

"I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtile ways be narrow straits,
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits."

THE curate of Hawleigh, modest in his surroundings as the incorruptible Maximilian Robespierre himself, had lodgings at a carpenter's. His landlord was certainly the chief carpenter of the town, a man of unblemished respectability, who had even infused a flavor of building into his trade; but the curate's bedroom windows commanded a view of the carpenter's yard, and he lived in the odor of chips and shavings, and that fresh piney smell which seems to breathe the perfume of a thousand ships far away upon the distant main. He had even to submit meekly to the dismal tap, tap, tap of the hammer when a coffin was on hand, which might fairly serve as a substitute for the "*Frère, il faut mourir!*" of the Trappist brotherhood.

It must not be supposed, however, that this choice of a lodging was an act of asceticism or wanton self-humiliation upon the part of Malcolm Forde. The Hawleigh curates lodged, as a rule, with Humphreys the carpenter; and Hawleigh being self-governed, for the most part, upon strictly conservative principles, it would have been an outrage against the sacred existing order of things if Mr. Forde had pitched his tent elsewhere. Mrs. Humphreys was a buxom middle-aged woman of spotless cleanliness, who kept a cow in a neat little paddock behind the carpenter's yard; a woman who had a pleasant odor of dairy about her, and who was supposed, by long practice, to have acquired a special faculty of doing for curates.

"I knows their tastes," she would say to her gossips, "and it's astonishing how little their tastes varies. 'Oh, give me a chop, Mrs. Humphreys,' they mostly says, if I werrit them about their dinner. But, lor, I know better than that. Their poor stomachs would soon turn against chops if they had them every day. So I soon leaves off asking 'em any thing about dinner, and contrives to give 'em a nice variety of tasty little dishes—a whiting and a lamb cutlet or two with fried parsley one day; a red mullet and a split fowl broiled with half a dozen mushrooms the next, a spitchcook, *they* call it; and then the day after I curry what's left of the fowl, so as their bills come moderate; and I never had a wry word with any curate yet, except Mr. Adderley, who didn't like squab-pie, and I did give him a piece of my mind about *that*."

The rooms were comfortable rooms, though of the plainest, lightsome and airy, furnished with chairs and tables so substantial that their legs had not been enfeebled by the various fidgetinesses of a whole generation of curates: honest, wide-seated, leather-bottomed chairs, bought at the sack of an ancient manor-house; stalwart walnut-wood tables and brass-handled chests of drawers, made when George the Second was king. Mrs. Humphreys was wont to boast that her Joe—meaning Mr. Joseph Humphreys—knew what chairs and tables were, and did not choose them for their looks. There were no ornaments of the usual lodging-house type, for Mrs. Humphreys knew that it is in the nature of curates to bring with them sundry knickknacks, the relics of university extravagances, wherewith to decorate their chambers.

Mr. Forde had furnished both sitting-room and bedroom amply with books, nay even the slip of a chamber where he kept his baths and sponges and boot-stand was incumbered with the shabbier volumes in his collection, piled breast-high in the angles of the walls. He was not a collector of bric-à-brac, and the sole ornaments of his sitting-room were a brass skeleton clock which had traveled many a league with him in his soldiering days; a carefully painted miniature of an elderly lady, whom, by the likeness to himself, one might reasonably suppose to be his mother, on one side of the mantel-piece; a somewhat faded daguerreotype of a sweet fair young face on the other; and a breakfast cup and saucer on a little ebony stand under a glass shade. Why this cup and saucer should be so preserved would have been a puzzling question for a stranger. They were of ordinary modern china, and could have possessed no value from an artistic point of view.

He had performed his early morning duty at St. Clement's, and spent half an hour with a sick parishioner, before his nine-o'clock breakfast on the day following that little croquet party at the Vicarage. He was dawdling a little as he sipped his second cup of tea, with one of Southey's *Commonplace Books* open at his elbow, turning over the leaves now and then with a somewhat absent air, as if in all that jetsam and flotsam of the poet's studious hours he hardly found a paragraph to enchain his attention.

What manner of man is he, in outward semblance, as he sits there absent and meditative, with the broad summer daylight on his face? It would be a question if one should call him a handsome man. He is distinguished-looking, perhaps, rather than handsome; tall and broad-shouldered, like the men who come from beyond the Tweed; straight as a dart; a man who is not dependent upon dress and surroundings for his dignity, but has an indefinable air of being superior to the common herd. His features are good, but not particularly regular, hardly coming within the rule and compass of archetypal beauty; the nose a thought too broad, the forehead too dominant. His skin is dark, and has little color, save when he is angry or deeply moved, when the stern face glows briefly with a dark crimson. The clear cold gray eyes are wonderful in their variety of expression. The firmly moulded yet flexible mouth is the best feature in his face, supremely grave in repose, infinitely tender when he smiles.

He smiles suddenly now, in the course of his reverie, for it is clear enough that he is thinking, and not reading Southey's agreeable jottings, though his hand mechanically turns the leaves. He smiles a slow thoughtful smile.

"What a child she is," he says to himself, "with all a child's perversity! I am foolish ever to be angry with her."

He heard a double knock from the little brass knocker of Mr. Humphreys's private door, shut his book with an impatient sigh, got up, and walked to the window. The Humphreys mansion was in one of the side streets of Hawleigh, a street known by the rustic title of Field Lane, which led up a gentle hill to the open country—a vast stretch of common-land, sprinkled sparsely on the outskirts with a few scattered houses and a row or two of cottages. Nor had Mr. Humphreys any opposite neighbors; the houses on the other side stopped abruptly a few yards below, and there was a narrow green, with a pond and a colony of ducks in front of the curate's casements.

Malcolm Forde looked out of the window, expecting to see his visitor waiting meekly on the spotless door-step; but the door had been opened promptly, and the door-step was unoccupied. He looked at his watch hastily.

"I've been wasting too much time already," he said to himself, "and here is some one to detain me ever so long. And I want to make a good morning's round out Filbury way."

The medical practitioners of Hawleigh prided themselves on the crushing nature of their duties, yet there was none among them who worked so hard as this healer of souls. Here was some tiresome vestryman, perhaps, come to prose for half an hour or so about some pet grievance, while he was languishing to be up and doing among the miserable hovels at Filbury, where, amidst the fertile smiling landscape, men's souls and bodies were consuming away with a moral dry-rot.

The door of his sitting-room opened, but not to admit a prosing vestryman. The smiling handmaiden announced "Miss Luttrell, if you please, Sir." And lo, there stood before him on the threshold of his chamber the willful woman he had been thinking about just now, gravely regarding him, the very image of decorum.

There was some change in her outward aspect, the details whereof his masculine eye could not distinguish. A woman could have told him in a moment by what means the Beauty had contrived to transform herself. She was dressed in a lavender cotton gown, with tight plain sleeves, and a linen collar—no bright-hued ribbon encircling the long white throat, no flutter of lace or glimmer of golden locket, none of the pretty frivolities with which she was accustomed to set off her loveliness. She wore an old-fashioned black silk scarf, a relic of her dead mother's wardrobe, which became her tall slim figure to perfection. She, who was wont to wear the most coquettish and capricious of hats, the daintiest conceit in airy tulle by way of a bonnet, was now crowned with a modest saucer-shaped thing of Dunstable straw, which at this moment hid her eyes altogether from Malcolm Forde. The rich brown hair, which she had been accustomed to display in an elaborate structure of large loose plaits, was neatly braided under this Puritan head-gear, and packed into the smallest possible compass at the back of her head. She had a little basket in one hand, a red-covered account-book in the other.

"If you please, Mr. Forde, I should like you to give me a round of visits among your poor people," she said, offering him this little volume. "I am quite ready to begin my duty to-day."

He stood for a moment gazing at her, lost in amazement. The provoking saucer-shaped hat covered her eyes. He could only guess the expression of her face from her mouth, which was gravity itself.

"What, Miss Luttrell, do you mean to help me, after all you said last night?"

"Did I really say any thing very wicked last night?" she asked, naïvely, lifting her head for a moment so that her eyes shone out at him under the shadow of the saucer brim. Peerless eyes they seemed to him in that brief flash, but hardly the most appropriate eyes for a district visitor, whose beauty should be of a subdued order, like the colors of her dress.

"I don't know that you said any thing wicked; but you expressed a profound disgust for district visiting."

"Did I? It was the last rebellious murmur of my unregenerate heart. But you have awakened my conscience, and I mean to turn over a new leaf, to begin a new existence, in fact. If the piano were my property, instead of Diana's, I think I should make a bonfire on the lawn and burn it. I have serious thoughts of burning my color-box—Winsor and Newton's too, and papa's last birthday present. But you must be kind enough to make me out a list of the people you'd like me to visit. I don't want to be a regular district visitor, or to interfere with your established sisterhood in any way; so I won't take any tickets to distribute. I don't want the people to associate me with sacramental alms. I want to have a little flock of my own, and to see if I can make them like me for my own sake, without thinking how much they can get out of me. And if you could coach me a little about what I ought to say to them, it would be a great comfort to me. Gertrude says that when she feels herself at a loss she says a little prayer, and waits on the door-step for a few minutes till something comes to her. But I'm afraid that plan would not answer for me."

Mr. Forde pushed one of the heavy chairs to the writing-table near the window, and asked Miss Luttrell to sit down while he wrote what she wanted in the little red book. She seated herself near one end of the table, and he sat down to write at the other.

"I shall be very happy to do what I can to set you going," he said, as he wrote; "but I should be more assured of your sincerity if you were less disposed to make a joke of the business."

"A joke!" exclaimed Miss Luttrell, with an aggrieved air; "why, I was never in my life so serious. Is this the way in which you mean to treat my awakening, Mr. Forde?"

He handed her the little book, with a list of names written on the first leaf. "I think you must know something of these people," he said, "after having lived here all your life."

"Please don't take any thing for granted about me with reference to the poor," she answered, hastily. "Of course it is abominable in me to admit as much, but I never have cared for them. The only ideas about them I have ever been able to grasp are, that they never open their windows, and that they always want something of one, and take it ill if one can't give them the thing they want. Gertrude tells quite a different story, and declares that the serious-minded souls are always languishing for spiritual refreshment, that she can make them quite happy with her prim little sermons and flimsy little tracts. Did you ever read a tract, Mr. Forde? I don't mean a controversial pamphlet, or any thing of that kind; but just one of those little puritanical booklets that drop from Gertrude like leaves from a tree in autumn?"

"I have not given much leisure to that kind of study," replied Malcolm, with his grave smile. "I hope you won't think me unappreciative of the honor involved in this visit, Miss Luttrell, if I am obliged to run away. I have a round of calls at Filbury to get through this morning."

"You remind me of poor mamma," said Elizabeth, with a tributary sigh to the memory of that departed parent; "she had always a round of calls, and they generally resolved themselves into three—a triangle of calls, in short. But they were genteel visits, you know. Mamma never went in for the district business."

The loose slangy style of her talk grated upon his ear not a little. He took his hat and gloves from the sideboard—a gentle reminder that he was in haste to be gone.

"I won't detain you five minutes more," she said. "How nice the room looks with all those books! I know Mrs. Humphreys's drawing-room very well, though this is my first visit to you. Papa and Gertrude and I came once to drink tea with Mr. Horton. He gave quite a party; and we had concertante duets for the flute and piano—'Non piu mesta,' and 'Di piacer,' and so on," this with a faint blush, remembering her own share in that concerted music. "You should have seen the room in his tenancy—Bohemian-glass vases, and scent caskets, and stereoscopes, and photograph albums; but very few books. I think I like it best with all those grim-looking brown-backed volumes of yours."

She made the tour of the room as she spoke, and paused by the mantel-piece to examine the skeleton clock, the cup and saucer, the two portraits.

"What a grand-looking old lady!—your mother, of course, Mr. Forde. And oh, what a sweet face!" pausing before the photograph. "Your sister, I suppose?"

"No," Mr. Forde answered, somewhat shortly.

"And what a pretty cup and saucer, under a glass shade! It looks like a relic of some kind."

"It is a relic."

The tone was grave, repellent even, and Elizabeth felt she had touched upon a forbidden subject.

"It belonged to his mother, I dare say," she thought; "and he keeps it in memory of the dead. I suppose all his people are dead, as he never talks about them."

After this she made haste to depart with her little book, knowing very well that she had outraged all the conventionalities of Hawleigh, but rather proud of having bearded this lion of Judah in his den.

Mr. Forde left the house with her, and walked a little way by her side; but was graver and more silent than his wont, as if he had hardly recovered from the pain those injudicious questions of hers had given him. He parted from her at the entrance to a row of cottages, in which dwelt two of the matrons whose names he had entered in her book.

"Good-by," he said. "I hope you will be able to do some good, and that you will not be tired of the work in a week or two."

"That's rather a depressing suggestion," said Elizabeth. "I know you have the worst possible opinion of me; but I mean to show you how mistaken you have been. And you really ought to feel flattered by my conversion. Papa might have preached at me for a twelvemonth without producing such an effect."

"I am sorry to hear that your father has so little influence with you, Miss Luttrell," the curate answered, gravely.

He left her with the coldest good-by. The proud face flushed crimson under the mushroom hat as she turned into the little alley. This morning's interview had not been nearly so agreeable to her as yesterday's lecture under the limes at the entrance to the town. She began her missionary work in a very bad humor; but brightened by degrees as she went on. She was a woman in whom the desire to please dominated almost every other attribute, and she was bent upon making these people like, or even love her. It was not to be a mere spurt, this adoption of a new duty. She meant to show Malcolm Forde that she could be all, or more than all, he thought a woman should be—that she could be as much Gertrude's superior in this particular line as she surpassed her in personal beauty.

"Gertrude!" she said to herself, contemptuously. "As if poor people could possibly care about Gertrude, with her little fidgety ways, and her Low-Church tracts, and her passion for soap-suds and hearth-stone! She has contrived to train her people into a subdued kind of civility. They look upon her visits as a necessary evil, and put up with them, just as they put up with the water coming through the roof, or a pig-sty close to the parlor window. But I shall make *my* people look forward to my visits as a bright little spot in their lives."

This was rather an arrogant idea, perhaps; but Elizabeth Luttrell succeeded in realizing it. She contrived to win an unfailing welcome in the twenty cottages which Mr. Forde had assigned to her. Nor was her popularity won by bribery and corruption. She had very little to give her people, except an occasional packet of barley-sugar or a paper of biscuits for the children, or now and then some cast-off ribbon or other scrap of genteel finery for the mothers. For the sick children, indeed, she would do any thing—empty her own slenderly furnished purse, rob the cross old parsonage cook of her arrowroot, and loaf-sugar, and isinglass, and corn-flour, and ground rice, and new-laid eggs; but it was not by gifts of any kind that she made herself beloved. It was the brightness and easy grace of her manner rather, that delightful air of being perfectly at home in a tiny chamber with a reeking wash-tub at her elbow, a cradle at her knee, and a line of damp clothes steaming in close proximity to her hat. Nothing disgusted her. She never wondered that people *could* live in such dirt and muddle. She made her little suggestions of improvement—not blunt plain-spoken recommendation of soap-suds and hearth-stone, but insinuating hints of what might be done with a little trouble—in a manner that never offended. And then she was so beautiful to look upon; the husbands and wives were never tired of admiring her. "Ay, but she be a rale right-down beauty," they said, "and thinks no more of herself than if she was as ugly as sin;" not knowing that the fair Elizabeth was quite conscious of her own loveliness, and hoped to turn it to some good account by-and-by.

Nor did Elizabeth forget, in her desire for popularity, that the chief object of her mission among these people was of a spiritual kind; that she was to carry enlightenment and religion into those close pent-up hovels where the damp linen was forever dangling, the wash-tub forever reeking;

where the larder was so often barren, and the wants of mankind so small and yet sometimes perforce unsatisfied. Although she was not herself, as Gertrude expressed it, "seriously minded," though her thoughts during her father's sermons, and even during those of Mr. Forde, too often wandered among the bonnets and mantles of the congregation, or shaped themselves into vague visions of the future, she did notwithstanding contrive to bring about some improvement in the theory and practice of her clients. She persuaded the women to go to church on Sunday evenings, if Sunday-morning worship was really an impossible thing, as the poor souls protested; she induced the husbands to clean themselves a couple of hours earlier than had been their Sabbath custom, and to shamble into the dusky aisle of St. Clement's or St. Mary's, while the tinkling five-minutes bell was still calling to loiterers and laggards on the way; she taught the little ones their catechism, rewarding proficiency with barley-sugar or gingerbread; and she sat by many a wash-tub reading the Evangelists in her full sweet voice, while the industrious housewife rubbed the sweats of labor from her husband's shirt-collars. She would even starch and iron a handful of collars herself, on occasion, if the housewife seemed to set about the business clumsily.

"I have to get up my own fine things sometimes, or I should go cuffless and collarless," she said. "Papa is not rich, you know, Mrs. Jones." Whereat Mrs. Jones would be struck with amazement by her handiness.

"I don't believe there's a thing in this 'varsal world as you can't do, Miss Elizabeth," the admiring matron would cry with uplifted hands; and even this humble appreciation of her merits pleased Lizzie Luttrell.

Her reading was much liked by listeners who were not compelled to sit with folded hands and a brain perplexed by the thought of neglected housework. She had a knack of choosing the most attractive as well as the most profitable portions of Holy Writ, an acute perception of the passages most likely to impress her hearers.

"I do like your Scriptures, Miss Elizabeth," said one woman. "When I was a gal, I used to think the Bible was all Saul and the Philistines—there seemed no end of 'em—and David. I make no doubt David was a dear good man, and after the Lord's own heart; but there did seem too much of him. He wasn't like Him as you read about; he didn't come home to us like that, miss, and you don't read as *he* was fond of little children, except that one of his own that he was so wrapped up in."

"The Gospel sounds like a pretty story when you read it, miss," said another; "and when Miss Gertrude read, it did seem so sing-song like. Sometimes I couldn't feel as there was any sense in it, no more than in the Lessons of a hot summer's afternoon, when it seems only a droning, like a hive of bees."

So Elizabeth went on and prospered, and grew really interested in her work. It was not half so bad as she had supposed. There was muddle and there was want, but not such utter gloom and misery as she had imagined in these hovels. The spirits of these people were singularly elastic. Ever so little sunshine warmed them into new life; and, above all, they liked her, and praised her, and spoke well of her to Malcolm Forde. She knew that from his approving manner, not from any thing he had distinctly said upon the subject.

Rarely had she met with him on her rounds. The list he had given her included only easy subjects—people who would not be likely to repulse her attentions, homes in which she would not hear foul language or see dreadful sights—and having allotted her pathway, he was content that she should follow it with very little assistance from him, and even took pains to time his own visits so as to avoid any encounter with her.

He did, however, on rare occasions find her among his flock. Not easily did he forget one summer afternoon, when he saw her sitting by an open cottage window with a sick child in her lap. That figure in a pale muslin dress, with the afternoon sunshine upon it, lived in his memory long.

"If I could only believe that she was quite in earnest," he said to himself, "that this new work of hers has some safer charm than its novelty, I should think her the sweetest woman I ever met—except one."

Elizabeth had been engaged in these duties for two months, and had done her work faithfully. It was the end of August, the brilliant close of a summer that had been exceptionally fine; harvest well over in this Western land, and the tawny stubble baking under a cloudless blue sky; hazelnuts and whortleberries ripening in the woods; great sloe-trees shedding their purple fruit in every hedge; a rain of green apples falling on the orchard-grass with every warm south wind; the red plums swelling and purpling on the garden wall—a vision of plenty and the perfume of roses and carnations on every side.

"If we don't have that picnic you talked about very soon, Gerty, we sha'n't have it at all," remarked the youngest and the pertest of the four sisters at breakfast one morning, when Mr. Luttrell had withdrawn himself to his daily duties, and the damsels were left to enjoy half an hour's idleness and talk over empty coffee-cups and shattered egg-shells and other fragments of the feast. "The summer's nearly over, you see, Gerty, and, if we don't take care, we shall lose all the fine weather. I've no doubt there'll be a deluge after all this sunshine."

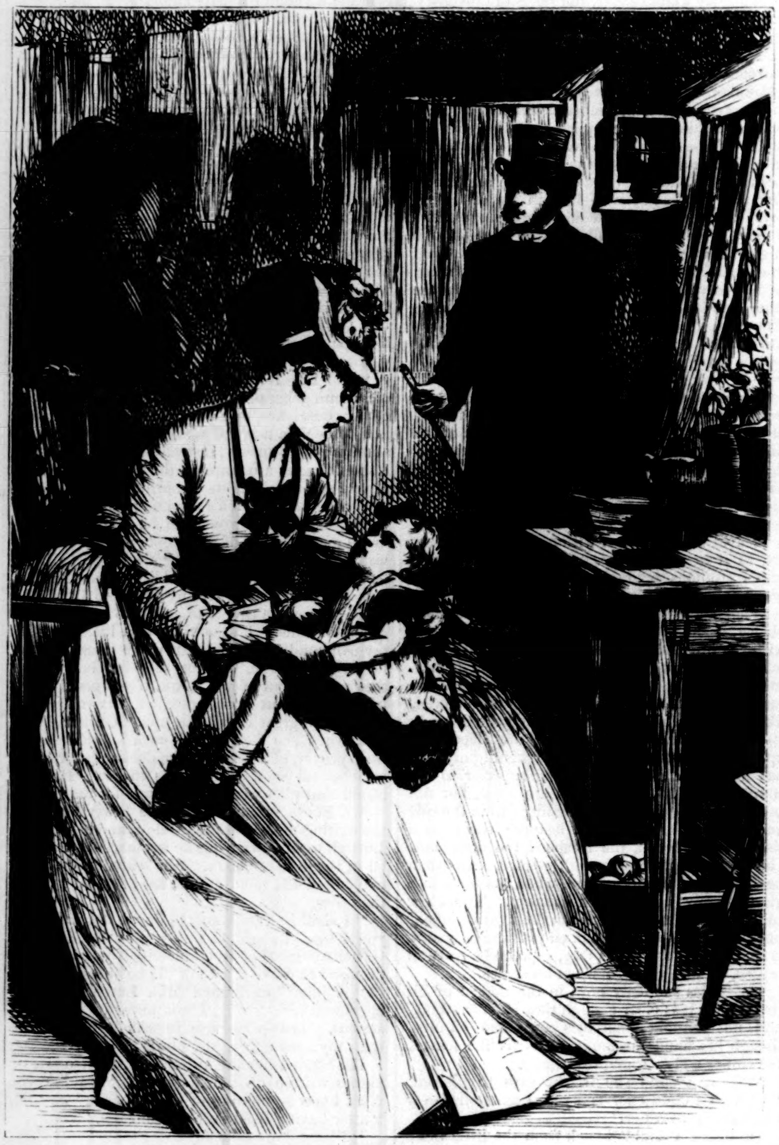
Blanche always called her eldest sister "Gerty" when she wanted some indulgence from that important personage.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what to say, Blanche," replied Miss Luttrell, with provoking coolness, as if picnics and all such sublunary pleasures were utterly beneath her regard; strong, too, in her authority as her father's housekeeper, and conscious that her sisters must bow down and pay her homage for whatever they wanted, like Joseph's brethren in quest of corn. "I really think," she went on with a deliberate air, "as the summer is nearly gone, we may as well give up any notion of a picnic this year, especially as papa doesn't seem to care about it."

"Papa never seems to care about any thing that costs money," cried the disrespectful youngest. "He'd like life well enough if every thing in it could be carried on for nothing; if his children could be born and educated, and fed and clothed, and doctored and nursed, and introduced to society gratis, so that he could have all the pew-rents and burial-fees and things to put in the bank. It's very mean of you to talk like that, Gertrude, and want to sneak out of the picnic, when it's about the only return we're likely to make for all the croquet parties, and dinners, and teas, and goodness knows what, that our friends have given us since Christmas."

"Really, Blanche, you are learning to render yourself eminently disagreeable," Miss Luttrell observed, severely; "and I fear if papa does not face the necessity of sending you back to school to be finished, your deficiency in manner will be your absolute ruin in after-life."

"Never mind Blanche's manner," interposed Diana, "but let's talk about the picnic. Of course we must have one. We always have had one for the last five years, since the summer after poor mamma's death—I know we were all in slight mourning at the first of them—and our friends expect it. So the only question is, where are we to go this year?"



ELIZABETH'S GOOD WORK.

This was intended in somewise as an assertion of independence on the part of the second Miss Luttrell, who did not intend to be altogether overridden by the chariot of an elder sister, even though that elder had bidden a long farewell to the golden summer-tide of her twenty-fifth year.

"Elizabeth won't go, of course, now she's turned serious," said Blanche, with a sly glance at Lizzie, who sat leisurely watching the skirmish, with her head against the clumsy frame of the lattice, and the south wind gently stirring her dark brown hair, a perfect picture of idle loveliness.

"You'll have nothing to do with the picnic, of course, Lizzie, not even if Malcolm Forde goes," pursued the "Pickle" of the family.

"Who gave you leave to call him Malcolm?" flashed out Elizabeth.

"No one; but why shouldn't one enjoy one's self in the bosom of one's family. I like to call him Malcolm Forde, it's such a pretty name; and one ought to get accustomed to the Christian name of one's future brother-in-law."

Two of the Misses Luttrell flushed crimson at this speech: Gertrude, who turned angrily upon the speaker, as if about to retort; and Elizabeth, whose swift reply came like a flash of lightning, before her senior could reprove the offender.

"How dare you say that, Blanche? Do you suppose that I would marry Mr. Forde—a curate—even if he were to ask me?"

"I won't suppose any thing till he does ask you," answered the incorrigible; "and then I know pretty well what will happen. Whatever fine notions you may have had about a rich husband, and a house in London, and an opera-box, and goodness knows what, will all count for nothing the day that Malcolm Forde makes you an offer. Why, you worship the ground he walks on. Do you think we can't all of us see through your district visiting? A pretty freak for you to take up, after admitting that you detested such work!"

"I suppose it is not quite unnatural that one should try to overcome one's dislikes, and to do some good in the world," replied Elizabeth, with dignity. "Have the goodness to bridle your tongue a little, Blanche; and rest assured that I shall never marry a curate, be he whom he may."

"But Mr. Forde is not like common curates. He is independent of the Church. He has private means."

"Yes; three or four hundred a year from a small estate in Aberdeenshire."

"Oh, you have been making inquiries, then?"

"No; but I heard papa say as much one day. And now, Blanche, be so kind as to abandon the discussion of my affairs and of Mr. Forde's, and let us talk of the picnic. I say Lawborough Beeches."

This "I say" was uttered in a tone of authority unbefitting a third sister; and Gertrude immediately determined not to brook any such usurpation; but it somehow generally happened that Elizabeth had her own way. She had a happy knack of suggesting the right thing.

"Lawborough Beeches is a jolly place!" said Blanche, approvingly.

"When will you learn to abandon the use of that odious adjective?" cried Gertrude, with a shudder. "Lawborough Beeches is low and damp."

"Well, I'd as soon have it on the moor, and we could have donkey races and no end of fun."

"Was there ever a girl with such vulgar ideas? Donkey races! Imagine Mr. Forde riding a donkey with a piece of white calico on its back! And imagine picnicking on the moor, without a vestige of shade! A nice blistered state our faces would be in! and I should have one of my nervous headaches," said Diana, who had a kind of copyright in several interesting ailments of the nervine type.

Lawborough Beeches was a little wood of ancient trees, with silver-gray trunks and spreading crests; beeches which had been pollarded in the days when Cromwell rode rough-shod over the land, and had stretched out their mighty limbs low and wide in the centuries that had gone by since then. It was a little wood lying in a green hollow, through which the Tabor meandered—a silvery stream dear to the soul of the fly-fisher; here dark and placid as a lake, under the broad shadow of the trees; there flowing with swift current toward the distant weir.

Miss Luttrell acknowledged somewhat unwillingly, after a good deal of discussion, that the Beeches was perhaps the best place for the picnic, if the picnic were really a social necessity.

"I must confess that I do not see it in that light," she said, "and I rather wonder that you should do so, Elizabeth, now that your mind has been awakened to loftier interests. The sum which this picnic will cost would be a great help to our blanket club next winter."

Elizabeth pondered for a few moments. Of course she was anxious to help those poor people who were so fond of her; but the winter was a long way off. Providence might increase her means in some unthought-of manner by that time. And the near delight of a long summer afternoon with Malcolm Forde under Lawborough Beeches was very sweet to her. She had seen so little of him of late. The very change in herself, which she had fancied would bring them nearer together, seemed to have only the more divided them. She did not meet him half so often as in her unregenerate days, when she had been always strolling in and out of Hawleigh, to change books at the library; or to buy a new song, or a yard or two of ribbon; or to look at the last Paris fashions, which the chief linen-draper had just received—from Plymouth.

"We ought to make some return for people's hospitality," she said. "I consider the picnic unavoidable."

So Blanche produced a sheet of foolscap, and began to make out a formidable list of comestibles: pigeon-pies, chicken-salads, lobsters, plovers' eggs, galantine of veal, hams, tongues, salmon *en mayonnaise*, and so on, with a wild profusion that seems so easy in pen-and-ink.

"I wish you would not be so officious, Blanche," exclaimed the eldest Miss Luttrell. "Of course I shall arrange all those details with Susan Sims."

Susan Sims was the cook—an important functionary in the vicar's household—who managed Miss Luttrell.

"That means that we are to have whatever Susan likes to give us!" said Blanche. "You do give way to her so, Gertrude. I think I'd rather have a bad cook, and one's dinner spoiled occasionally, if one could order just what one liked. However, I suppose, if I mayn't make out a list of the dinner, I may make a list of the people?"

"Yes, you can, if you'll take your inkstand to another table. You've made a blot upon the table-cloth already."

Upon this, the three elder damsels separated to pursue their divers occupations: Gertrude to hold solemn converse with Susan Sims; Diana to practice Mendelssohn's sonatas on the drawing-room piano; Elizabeth to her district visiting; leaving Blanche wallowing in ink, and swelling with importance, as she wrote the names of her father's friends on two separate sheets of foolscap—the people who must be invited upon one, the people who might or might not be invited upon the other.

Mr. Luttrell happened to be at home for luncheon that day—a privilege which he was not permitted to enjoy more than once or twice a week—so the sisters were able to moot the question of the picnic without delay.

The vicar rubbed his bald forehead thoughtfully, with a perplexed sigh.

"I suppose we must do something," he said, dolefully. "It's a long time since we've had a dinner-party; and if you think people really like their dinner any better on damp grass, Gertrude, and with flies dropping into their wine, why, have a picnic by all means. There's always an immense deal of wine drunk at these affairs, by-the-way. Be sure you remind me to write and order some of the Ball-supper Champagne and the Race-course Moselle we saw advertised the other day."

The matter was settled, therefore, pleasantly enough, and the invitations were written that afternoon, and distributed before night-fall by the parsonage gardener, or man-of-all-work, Mr. Forde's invitation among them; a formal little note in Gertrude's hand, which he twisted about in his fingers for a long time while he meditated upon his answer.

Would it do him any good to waste a summer day under Lawborough Beeches? He had been working his hardest for some weeks without relaxation of any kind. He felt that he wanted rest and ease; but hardly this species of recreation, which would involve a great deal of trouble; for he would be required to make himself agreeable to all manner of people—to carry umbrellas and camp-stools; to point out interesting objects in the landscape; to quote the county history—and, in fact, to labor assiduously for the pleasure of other people. Nor had he ever felt himself any the better for these rustic pleasures; considerably the worse rather, especially when they were shared with Elizabeth Luttrell.

No; better to waste his day in utter loneliness on the moor, under the shadow of a mighty tor, with a book lying unread at his side. Better to give himself a pause of perfect rest, in which to think out the great problem of his life. For, without inordinate self-esteem, Malcolm Forde was a man who deemed that his existence ought to be of some use to the world, that he was destined to fill some place in the scheme of creation. He felt that *al fresco* banquetings and junketings were just the idlest, most worthless use that he could make of his rare leisure; and yet, with very human inconsistency, he wrote to Miss Luttrell next morning to accept her kind invitation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]